

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 19, 1939

America's National Sports Weekly

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MADE IN FRANCE. FOR QUALITY OF DESIGN SEE YOUR LOCAL OFFICE OF MOTOR VEHICLES, INC., 100 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • READ OR REQUEST FOLLOWS PLATE.

RENAULT Dauphine





Any gin
dry-er
simply
wouldn't
pour!

If you are like a good many martini makers, you have probably sampled a number of gins in search of that minimum bonum, the utterly dry martini. Yet, in all likelihood, your martinis are still quite damp. To you, therefore, we suggest Seagram's Golden Gin. Barometrically speaking, you may at first observe very little difference. Tactically, however, the improvement is beatific.

Seagram's, you see, is the complete gin for the rounded martini. Not only does it emerge from its languorous before-bottling slits glowing with natural golden smoothness, but it is also the epitome of that glittering joy called dryness... full, 91 proof dryness. Consequently, every Seagram's martini strikes a crisp note with a mellow tone. Compared to ordinary gin, it's the last chord bringing new life to the cocktail hour!

We suggest that the next time you make martinis, you introduce this gloriously dry, unruffled spirit to a modest whiff of vermouth. We assure you, the result will be ab-inspiring.

SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN GIN

*New 91 proof
at no increase in price*

SEAGRAM-BULLITT COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 91 PROOF. BOTTLED 347 GRS. BOTTLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

OLDSMOBILE

*Invites you to see the
Bing Crosby Golf Tournament*

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18

ABC-TV



Nobody can bring out the stars like Bing! Catch him on TV as he hosts a host of stage, screen and sports celebs and a gang of golfing greats at his annual "Clambake". Bing's tournament is one of the biggest, one of the best—it's the National 72-hole Pro-Amateur, finishing at famous Pebble Beach on Sunday, January 18. It's a must... don't miss it!

**Bing invites you to
take the wheel and get**

"That Olds Feeling"
at your local quality dealer's

For the sweetest drive of your life, take the wheel of a '59 Oldsmobile. Every roadway's a smooth fairway as you wing along in this newest Rocket Engine car. See your Oldsmobile quality dealer for a demonstration.
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Cover: Kneads about ▶

It is deep winter, but Marvin Magnate Hal Roach is fully geared for pheasant on a unique western ranch. For more Toni Frissell pictures, see page 28.

Photograph by Toni Frissell

Next week



▶ Major racing returns once more to one of its most splendorous retreats, Hialeah Park. A peek at the season in prospect and its central characters, by William Leggett.

▶ Virginia Kraft, journeying to the prairies and frequently forbidding rain forests of Tehuacan in isolated southern Mexico, reports on a new outdoor adventure.

▶ A great new matador has emerged in Spain—the first *torero de espada* since the death of Manolete, Kenneth Tyrant, the brilliant young English ensle, introduces him.

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REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICLY PROHIBITED

Enough equipment to start a
youth group of your choice
on its own fitness program!



Century

The new coronado twenty-one



world's most distinctive runabouts

reserved seat for an individualist

If you're an individualist, you'll appreciate the uniqueness of owning one of the exquisite Century Coronados—to be produced in limited quantities in 1959. It's the most immaculately styled and remarkable performing runabout yet conceived. Largely hand-worked by meticulous Century craftsmen, the rugged triple-braced genuine African mahogany hull features a hydrodynamically precise bottom, massive stern with flared sides and cantled transom, and a luxuriously upholstered interior. These result in unparalleled riding comfort, thrilling maneuverability and speed. The stunning slide-back top with sliding windows provides heat-reflecting shade and shields you from spray. Beautiful four-color literature on request.



CENTURY BOAT COMPANY, Box 390, Marquette, Michigan
 Subsidiary of The Chrysler Corporation, New York City



Jimmy Jemail's HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Should boatmen have licenses to navigate, as motorists have licenses to drive?*



GOVERNOR ALBERT D. ROSELLINI
Olympia, Wash.

Licensing could be a partial answer. I personally feel that anyone operating a motorboat carrying a lot of power should be subject to more regulations than we presently have. There's a definite responsibility attached to boating.



FRANK W. NORRIS
Chairman of the Board
Maroon Neck, Brook
Jacksonville, Fla.

Certainly. The authorities would never permit a man to drive a car without an appropriate test for a license, but they allow anyone to operate a boat without such a test, and a boat can be as hazardous as an automobile.



VICE-ADMIRAL ALFRED RICHMOND
Commandant,
U.S. Coast Guard
Washington, D.C.

No, because boating is not like driving. Licensing hasn't cut down reckless auto driving. We may have it eventually, but I would hate to see any unnecessary boating restrictions until we know how helpful licensing will be.



RAY O. WAGEMAKER
President
Wagemaker Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

No. Waterways are not as confining as roads. On a highway a motorist has little latitude; on waterways he has 50% to 100% more latitude. Furthermore, a boatman's investment is usually substantial and he will not jeopardize it.



GOVERNOR G. HENNER WILLIAMS
Lansing, Mich.

No, but the boat should be. We are busy getting bugs out of a new law requiring all power-propelled boats and others over 24 feet to be licensed. This will make possible the identification and arrest of the few who endanger the lives of others.



GOVERNOR LEROY COLLINS
Tallahassee, Fla.

Although we have had a great increase in boating, the time has not come for universal licensing. I'm sure a motorboat operator should know the rules of the road. If he doesn't and he causes an accident, it should be a misdemeanor.



You can launch these
boats and motors anytime
...they're made with
Reynolds Aluminum

Aero-Craft	Mayers Saine Craft
Aqua-Queen	Naden Quality Line
Aqualine	Orlando Clipper
Arkansas Transfer	Pioneer
Bee Star	Peter Craft
Cadillac	Recenter
Cherokee	Rich Line
Crestliner	Seemold
Cruiser Craft	Sea Nymph
Dart-Craft	Smith Craft
Dartech	Sports-Kraft
Feather-Craft	Starcraft
Freeland	Trailorboat
Gumman	Via Hells
Lone Star	

Outboard Motors

Buccaneer	Mercury
Evinrude	Scott
Johnson	West Bend





LAUNCHING TIME: *Anytime!*

- ... no patching, scraping or caulking with an aluminum boat
- ... no cracks or rust, resists corrosion even in salt water

You can throw your sander away, your caulking gear and your paint brush too, when you buy a boat made with Reynolds Aluminum. Push off for the briny any time, any place: this aluminum water baby is always ready to go. Same goes for outboard motors made with aluminum.

Aluminum needs no maintenance other than an occasional washing down. It won't waterlog, burn, crack or leak. It won't rot or rust in the most corrosive or salty waters.

In fact, aluminum comes closer to being truly maintenance free than any boat material you can think of. And an aluminum boat is lighter and stronger than any other—to save work, save repairs.

See how much fun, how little work boating can be with an aluminum boat and outboard motor... for the names of the manufacturers who use work-saving Reynolds Aluminum write Reynolds Metals Company, P. O. Box 2346-NE, Richmond 18, Virginia.



Watch Reynolds new TV shows—"WALT DISNEY PRESENTS" and "ALL-STAR GOLF"—every week on ABC-TV.

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National Airlines, first with pure jets in the U.S.A., flies to Miami in almost half the time of previous schedules. Yet, so smooth, quiet and vibrationless is your jet flight, you scarcely feel any sense of motion. High above the weather, you relax in the most spacious and luxurious cabin you've ever seen. For reservations anywhere, see your Travel Agent or any National Airlines office.





come to Jamaica — it's no place like home

Think of the most beautiful place you've yet seen in the world. Jamaica is more so, *exceedingly* so. Jamaica's the place to get away with it and to get away from it. An *excellent* international "What's What" there's here to do as it pleases. The sun shines *all the time* in Jamaica you can find perfect *views*. Yet the island pulses with theatrical contrasts between new and old, cultured and primitive. If you hanker to see the world, better do that first. Because once here, Jamaica will bewitch you — and may become all of the world you'll ever care to see.

Jamaica for me is the loveliest island in the world. *Nol Coward*

not a word

never at night

peace, peace, perfect peace... and one last one for today



come to Jamaica — it's not far from home



"HARVEST KAY SL" THE 1967 HYDRO CHAMPION, WAS MOTHERLLED AFTER SOLD OUT WIN

POWERBOAT RESULTS continued

40 RUNABOUT Dean Chernomerk, Sonoma, Calif.

50 RUNABOUT Paul Kala, Monroe, Mich.

60 RUNABOUT Richard J. Rees, Pittsford, Pa.

70 RUNABOUT Skip Finner, Gosport, Mich.

81 CLASS B Hunt Kenneth III, Hudson, N.Y.

A STOCK HYDRO Dave Haggard, Trenton, Mich.

B STOCK HYDRO Harry Pinner, West Palm Beach, Fla.

C STOCK HYDRO Bob Brown, Miami.

D STOCK HYDRO Don Hahnerman, Miami.

OUTBOARD

Hill at Lakeland, Fla., Oct. 11-14

A HYDRO George Taylor, Orlando, Fla.

B HYDRO Annie Gibson, Montgomery, Ala.

C HYDRO Melvin Krets, Elkhart, Ind.

F HYDRO Joe Michelini, Chicago, Ill.

C SERVICE HYDRO Arlen Couch, Quincy, Ill.

C RACING RUNABOUT Arlen Couch, Quincy, Ill.

E SERVICE RUNABOUT Homer Kinnard, Carbon Cliff, Ill.

F RACING RUNABOUT Chuck Parsons, Lodi, Calif.

UNLIMITED INBOARD

APPLE CUP Mike Bardsell, Driver Norm Evans, Owner Old Bayview, Seattle, May 11, at Lake Chelan, Wash.

DETROIT MEMORIAL Mike Thierberg, Driver Bill Munney, Owner Willard Rhodes, Seattle, June 11, at Detroit, Mich.

DIAMOND CUP Maerick, Driver Bill Stead, Owner William T. Waggoner, Phoenix, Jan. 29, at Coast d'Alone, Idaho.

MAPES CUP Maerick, Driver Bill Stead, July 26, at Lake Tahoe, Calif.

GOLD CUP Watson Key III, Driver Jack Rogers, Owner L. N. Weber, Seattle, Aug. 10, at Seattle.

SILVER CUP Maerick, Driver Bill Stead, Aug. 23-24, at Detroit.

NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES Mike Bardsell, Driver Mira Slavik, Sept. 7, Buffalo.

PRESIDENT'S CUP Mike F.S. J., Driver Don Wilson, Owner George Strawn of Detroit, Sept. 20-21, at Washington, D.C.

GOVERNOR'S CUP Mike F.S. J., Driver Don Wilson, Oct. 5, at Madison, Ind.

SAHARA CUP Mike F.S. J., Driver Don Wilson, Oct. 23, at Lake Mead, Nev.

MARTINI & ROSE APFA HIGH-POINT WINNER Mike Bardsell, Driver Mira Slavik, 2,875 points.

CRUISER CHAMPIONS

NATIONAL PREDICTOR LONG-SEASER Dr. Aaron Hopt, Red Bank, N.J., 4,228 points.

HEINRICH L. STONE TROPHY Edgar Co. M.N. Shand, Los Angeles, 4,264 points.

GEORGE COCHRAN TROPHY Horriance III, Dr. A. B. DeMont, Cedar Grove, N.J., 3,282 points.

NATIONAL OUTBOARD ASSOCIATION TITLISTS PROFESSIONAL OBSERVERS 2 AND 191

Hill at McHenry, Md., Aug. 30 to Sept. 3

CLASS A HYDRO Bill Tenney, Crystal Bay, Miss. New record 54.55 mph.

CLASS B HYDRO Wally Adams, Auburndale, Fla. New class record of 57.81 mph.

CLASS C HYDRO Dicky Pond, Kewask, Iowa.

CLASS C-1 HYDRO Mel Callaway, Phoenix, New record 51.978 mph.

CLASS D HYDRO Bud Jones, Sioux City, Iowa. New class record 49 by Ronald Williams of Kewask, Iowa of 49.437 mph.

CLASS E HYDRO O. B. Ayler, Highlands, Texas. New class record of 62.258 mph and Wynn Oil Co. award.

CLASS A RUNABOUT Duane Montgomery, Comstock, Texas. New class record of 48.867 mph.

CLASS B RUNABOUT Duke Parker, Gadsden, Ala. Record of 52.401 mph.

CLASS C RUNABOUT Bill Holland, Houston, Texas.

CLASS C-1 RUNABOUT Barry Densky, Midland, Mich.

continued



Come to Jamaica ...round trip only \$204.60*

Now you can fly BOAC jet-prop Britannia direct from New York.

This flight is the last word in comfort. Meals are superb. The service is British. That means a cabin crew who are courteous. Available. Yet they'll "jump-to-it" when you press the service buzzer.

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**ONLY GRUMMAN
GUARANTEES QUALITY**

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Complete line of Outboard Motors, Sportsters, Runabouts, Cabiners, Canoes, Dinghies, Sport Boats and Sailing Craft

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POWERBOAT RESULTS continued

CLASS D RUNABOUT: Bill Holland, Houston. New class record of 35.843 mph.

CLASS F RUNABOUT: Clay Pettefor, Lake Charles, La. New class record of 38.693 mph.

FREE-FOR-ALL RUNABOUT: Tatum Trophy, A. J. Merlo, San Antonio.

FREE-FOR-ALL HYDRO: Fox Trophy, O. B. Ayler, Highland, Texas.

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL (Division 18)

Hilltop-Robert, Houston-Texas Beach, Ind., Feb. 11-12

CLASS E HYDRO: James H. Chambers, Anderson, Ind.

CLASS C HYDRO: Johnny Ayers, Fort Smith, Ark.

CLASS D HYDRO: Johnny Ayers, Fort Smith, Ark.

CLASS A RUNABOUT: Alan Collins, Columbus, Ind.

CLASS B RUNABOUT: Paul Kall, Monroe, Mich.

CLASS E RUNABOUT: Joe Schalte, Palm Heights, Ill.

CLASS D RUNABOUT: Leon Kiersel, Anderson, Ind.

AMATEUR (Division 19)

Hilltop-Robert, Texas-Sept. 11-12

30 TO 35 CU. IN. CLASS: Billy Cope, Columbia, Tenn.

35 TO 40 CU. IN. CLASS: Gerald Martin, Columbia, Tenn.

40 TO 50 CU. IN. CLASS: Bruce C. Bryant, Chesterfield, Ind.

50 TO 75 CU. IN. CLASS: Morgan Mills, Knoxville, Tenn.

UNLIMITED CLASS: McCullough Trophy, Jimmy (Stakes) Rogers, Knoxville, Tenn.

HIGH-POINT DRIVERS

PROFESSIONAL: Billy Seebold, Granite City, Ill. 32,168 points, to win James McKay Memorial Trophy.

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL: Johnny Ayers, Fort Smith, Ark., 11,300 points.

AMATEUR: Buddy Mallonee, Knoxville, Tenn., 14,575 points.

SAILBOAT RESULTS

Following are 1958's major deep-water race winners

SAN DIEGO-ACAPULCO: May, Jas. W. Conner, 330's, Hoon +2 San Diego

UPTON CUP: Miami: SORC, Feb. 1, Commodore Jack Price of Miami

MIAMI-BAHAMA: Bahamas: SORC, Feb. 6, Flakster, Carlton Mitchell of Annapolis, Md.

BAHAMA CUP: Bahamas: SORC, Feb. 8, Cu Va, J. W. Hensley of Houston.

ST. PETERSBURG-MIAMI: SORC, March 15, Cu Va, J. W. Hensley of Houston

Atlantic Ocean Racing Circuit Champion.

NEWPORT-ENSENADA: May 1, New Star, James H. Hensley of Los Angeles

STORY TELLER: May 29, Cape, Irving Furst of Oyster Bay, N.Y.

SWIFFNESS LIGHTS: Puget Sound, May 30, Van, Vella Dated of Seattle

BERNADA RACE: June 14, Flakster, Carlton Mitchell of Annapolis, Md.

WALL TROPHY: Toledo, June 21, Meteor III, Hank Burkard of Detroit

PORT HURON-MACKINAC: July 12, Dyon, Clayton Ewing of Green Bay, Wis.

CHICAGO-MACKINAC: July 19, Dyon, Clayton Ewing of Green Bay, Wis.

PORTLAND - MORGAN ISLAND: May, Aug. 8, Gay Golf, Robert Laro of Vineyard Haven, Mass.

ASTOR CUP: Newport, R.I., Aug. 9, Solerica, T. B. Barnum of Greenwich, Conn.

STAMFORD-VINEYARD: L. I. Sound, Aug. 30, Baber, Paul Hoffmann of Southampton, N.Y.

170-ISLAND SERIES: Puget Sound, September, Dr. Byron Ward of Seattle

WISKEY TROPHY: Los Angeles, December, George Griffith of Redding, Bond, Calif.

ARMSTRONG TROPHY: Los Angeles, November, Skipper Tom Webster of Newport Harbor, Calif.

SUNSET TROPHY: San Diego, December, Abby Town of San Diego



BILLY SEEBOLD JR., 17, high-point king. Has driven with professional three years.



CLAYTON EWING, 30, winner of 1958 Dyon trophy. Ewing has the Mackinac race last July.

AMOCO-GAS *powers two sensational outboard motor boat classics*



**1,058 Miles in 1,769 Minutes on the
Mississippi to win the coveted Mississippi
River Marathon Racing Association Trophy**

Skimming up the Mississippi at an average speed of nearly 36 miles an hour for 29 hours, 29 minutes, Lennie Kirápatrick and Byron Pool piloted their outboard motor boat, *Bing Ding III*, to a breathtaking record, almost 15 hours faster than any previous time for this MRMRA course.

They won on Amoco-Gas, the official fuel of the race, chosen for its clean-burning freedom from lead depos-

its...to keep their two 70 horsepower Mercury Motors purring to victory over 27 other starters. Fuel was dispensed at 9 check points along the route, made famous by the race of the river steamboats Robert E. Lee and the Natchez in 1870. The Robert E. Lee's winning time was 3 days, 18 hours and 30 minutes. Again, lead-free Amoco proved its quality and dependability, with no lead deposits to interfere with engine performance.



50,000 grueling miles kept trouble-free with clear white Amoco-Gas

Again Amoco-Gas contributed to an outstanding record. In a grueling test on a Florida lake, two 60 horsepower Mercury outboard motors broke a world's record...traveled a distance equal to twice around the world, the equivalent of 20 years service for the average boat owner.

Amoco delivered full power...no breakdowns...no fouling lead deposits. Once again, clear white, unleaded Amoco proved best...afloat as well as ashore.

AMERICAN OIL COMPANY

"Those who know use Amoco"—

*Don't forget the other members of the Amoco team...Amoco
Outboard Motor Oil • Amoco Outboard Gear Lubricant*



1.

TAKE FIRST 10 PLACES IN WORLD'S LONGEST OUTBOARD MARATHON!

First place Mercurys sped 1,068 miles — New Orleans to St. Louis — in 29 hours, 29 minutes at average speed of 36.2 mph — fastest any man, boat or motor has traveled up the Mississippi — one-third the time of the Robert E. Lee!

Twenty-eight boats from nine states using five different brands of vick outboard motors and 19 different brand family-type boats started the world's longest offshore outboard marathon, verified by the American Power Boat Association. Mercury outboards swept the marathon — winning the first 10 places — proof that Mercurys are tough! The grueling punishment of day-and-night running through the debris strewn, sandbar studded Mississippi showed once again that nothing outruns, nothing outlasts a Mercury!



FIRST PLACE

Byron Pool and Lonnie Kirkpatrick of Champaign, Ill., with two 70-horsepower, 6-cylinder Mark 75 Mercurys on a Crosby boat, with a gross weight of 1 1/2 tons, won the marathon for the third time, setting a new record of 29 hours, 29 minutes. "We had used five sets of propellers but we experienced absolutely no trouble with the engines or lower units. Mercury Dyna-Shocks saved the day for us among logs and debris." Winners used Quicksilver 50,000-mile oil with official fuel, Amoco-Gas.

World Record
Triple Sweep
proves that
nothing outlasts,
nothing outruns,
nothing outpulls
MERCURY
OUTBOARDS



Here's why nothing outpulls a MERCURY!

The Mark 75 integral reaches a high value at low engine speeds and does not drop off sharply as engine speed increases. This means toppling power through a wide range of speeds and loads.



2. MAKE HISTORIC ENDURANCE RUN — 50,000 MILES IN 68 DAYS!

Equal to 12 times across the Atlantic, or twice around the world!

Two stock 60 hp Mercury Munk 75 family outboards each completed a *verified* 50,000-mile endurance run in 68 days of 24-hour-a-day driving at an average speed of 30.3 mph... farther than any marine power plant of any type has ever gone in this short a time. Timed and supervised by the United States Auto Club, the run was equivalent to 20 years of average outboard use! The five-place family runabouts of Weldwood Plywood retacked without stopping with Amoco-Gas and Quicksilver 50,000-mile oil.



3. SET NEW WORLD OUTBOARD SPEED RECORD — 107.9 MPH!

Hubert Entrop of Seattle set the new international record for outboards at 107.9 mph, with a stock 60 hp Mercury Munk 75 six-cylinder outboard... bringing the record back to the U.S. for the first time in 21 years! Of the 131 international records recognized by the Union of International Motorboating, Mercury engines hold 62. Here's performance proof positive that Mercury's in-line, small-bore, short-stroke engines, employing lightweight reciprocating parts, have the greatest reserve power above cranking requirements, and the widest useful operating range, of any outboard. Vital to the success of Mercury's world record performance: SKF Bearings, Champion Spark Plugs, Reynolds Aluminum.



...the World Record Line for '59!



SET YOUR OWN PLEASURE RECORD WITH AMERICA'S NO. 1 OUTBOARD BUY!

With every year, Mercury outboards make more performance sense, even to *competitive dealers* — or there wouldn't be so many dealers switching to Mercury! Mercury's *first* in sales because Mercurys are designed right, look right, are right — more right than you'll ever know until you own one. Twenty years of Mercury engineering leadership, with more than 60 Mercury "firsts", has resulted in outboards designed specifically for the needs of the user rather than the desires of a manufacturer. That's why Mercurys give you more in every way, including the most horsepower per pound, per cubic inch, per dollar, and the most miles per gallon. You can't miss when you treat yourself to a Mercury. Just pick your power — 9 basic models from 6 to 70 hp. See your Mercury dealer for a FREE demonstration ride.

Write for FREE Catalog, Address Dept. 54, Kalamazoo Corp., 1 Ford Ave., Bklyn.

We honor these records in world records.

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★ ST. LOUIS

MISSISSIPPI RIVER



NEW ORLEANS



1068 MILES

in 29½ hours ... proves

CROSBY STAMINA



The man who set this new record in the 1958 Mississippi Marathon ... Byron Pool. The boat he chose for the record-topping run ... a stock Crosby Fish-N-Ski. For 1068 miles this Crosby sliced Mississippi waters at full speed ... was pounded by waves, battered by unexpected obstacles, punished by vibration from two powerful motors ... yet when Pool crossed the finish line, the hull was as sound as the day it was launched. Here's proof positive of Crosby performance, strength and endurance. A stock Crosby Fish-N-Ski withstands grueling abuse in 29½ hours that you would give your boat in 29½ years. This same stamina, this same fiberglas durability is built into every boat proudly bearing the Crosby name. When you buy your new boat, for safety's sake, don't settle for less than Crosby!

Crosby

AEROMARINE — GRABER — NOTANA

OUTBOARDS AND INBOARDS 14 FEET TO 25 FEET



Join the Wheaties Sports Federation's

YOUTH FITNESS IDEA SEARCH

**150 Community Recreation Kits to be awarded
for your ideas on youth fitness**

As its newest project to help stimulate increased interest in youth fitness, the Wheaties Sports Federation will award 150 Community Recreation Kits—just like the one shown here—to 150 American youth organizations: church groups, park recreation centers, YMCA's, and other similar civic organizations.

And you may help choose the organizations to receive them. The Wheaties Sports Federation wants your ideas on:

"WHAT CAN THE WHEATIES SPORTS FEDERATION DO TO PROMOTE YOUTH FITNESS?"

If your idea is among the 150 best submitted, the Wheaties Sports Federation will present—in your name—a Community Recreation Kit to the youth organization of your choice!

Each Community Recreation Kit consists of:

A complete 47-piece Harry Gill Junior Champ Set, each piece sealed to size for youngsters. It includes hurdles . . . shot . . . discs . . . starting blocks . . . high jump standards . . . pole vault standards . . . two vaulting poles . . . and relay batons.

Plus...

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 Voit footballs | 1 Voit basketball |
| 1 Voit volleyball | 1 Voit soccer ball |
| 2 Voit softballs | 2 Louisville Slugger bats |

(For additional information on the Gill Junior Champ Set, write: The Gill Co., 401 N. Vine St., Urbana, Ill.)

Join the Wheaties Sports Federation's YOUTH FITNESS IDEA SEARCH right away!

To enter, write in 50 words or less your idea on: "What can the Wheaties Sports Federation do to promote Youth Fitness?" Mail your entry to:
The Wheaties Sports Federation, Box 1700
Minneapolis 60, Minnesota

Be sure to follow rules on this specially marked New Wheaties package, or write to: General Mills, Box 111, Minneapolis 60, Minnesota, for copy of rules. Subject to Federal, state, and local laws.



Youth Fitness and the Wheaties Sports Federation

The President's Council on Youth Fitness has called for increased emphasis on youth fitness in our country.

In response to this need, the Wheaties Sports Federation has been formed.

Composed of representatives of 14 collegiate coaching associations, the National High School Federation, Sports Illustrated magazine, the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce and others, the Wheaties Sports Federation brings together men experienced in every phase of youth fitness.

The Federation's director is Olympic Pole-Vaulting Champion Bob Richards. Ideally suited for the job, Bob has talked fitness with well over 6 million youngsters.

He has emphasized that fitness means not only physical fitness, but mental, emotional and spiritual fitness as well—total fitness.

And increased fitness is a job for all of us. As parents we must set an example for our youngsters. We must stimulate family interest in some sort of physical activity, either through sports or other recreational activities.

Wheaties Sports Federation projects already under way:

- Cooperating with U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce in Fitness Testing, Facilities and Programming Guide, "Junior Champ Days."
- Helping in distribution of over 15 million sports fitness testers.
- Working with college coaches in sponsorship of their All-America team awards.
- Encouraging individual participation in sports with special golf and bowling awards.
- Encouraging other groups to promote youth fitness.



the nicest things happen to people who carry

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS



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COMING EVENTS

*January 16 to January 22
all times E.S.T.*

★ Color television ★ Film ★ National music

Friday, January 16

BASKETBALL

World Wrestling Federation, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

BOXING

Wilt Chamberlain vs. Reginald D. Armstrong, The Garden, 10 p.m.
Superstars, International Regatta, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.
Navy vs. Three Star, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

BOXING

Marshall vs. Armstrong, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

BOXING

Lee vs. George, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

Saturday, January 17

BASKETBALL

Washington vs. Boston, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

BOXING

Wilt Chamberlain vs. Reginald D. Armstrong, The Garden, 10 p.m.

BOXING

Marshall vs. Armstrong, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

BOXING

Lee vs. George, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

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Marshall vs. Armstrong, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

BOXING

Lee vs. George, Madison Square Garden, 10 p.m.

New Modess Tampons... for protection you can trust even on "first" days

Because Modess® Tampons are *flexible*, they will conform to inner body contours, lower an area unprotected as old style rigid tampons often do.

Flexible Modess Tampons give you twice the protection, more absorbency than any other

tampon. Most women will need no extra precautions, even on "first" days.

Easy to insert with slim individual applicator; blessedly comfortable to wear. Box of 10 in regular, super or junior size, too.



WHAT A TURN-UP FOR THE BIG GREEN!

What a turn-up indeed! Britain and the fine old British game of Rugby had never seen the like of it: here were 19 young New Englanders playing Ragger with a zeal and determination that set one British team after another back on its ears. It all came about when the Dartmouth Rugby Club decided to send a team to England over the holiday season, partly to try its luck in the land of Rugby's birth, partly as a gesture of good will. The British press, after one astonished look at the first game (Dartmouth 3, Old Mids 11/12/1886), hailed the cross-cut invasion with sporting glee—"What a turn-up for the Yanks!" said the Daily Sketch—and so the touring New Englanders racked up an impressive 5-2 total, good will and Rugby flourish. With Dartmouth's own Arthur Corey Ford, poetess, neighbor and friend of the team, who here tells the story,

by COREY FORD

THERE'LL always be an England, of course, but it may never be quite the same again after the historic invasion of the 19 husky stalwarts of the Dartmouth Rugby team last month—the first American Rugby team to visit Jolly Old since the game originated here 155 years ago. The team broke new ground in another respect: this was the first athletic unit to travel abroad under the banner of President Eisenhower's People to People Sports Program, and from every point of view the trip was a huge and heart-warming success. What the Dartmouth men lacked in fitness they more than made up in tackling power, in conditioning, in sheer do-or-die. They returned from their three-week tour last week with five wins out of seven games, and the British loved it. The *Daily Express* summed it up: "Now British Rugby knows the worst—Americans can play our game."

More to the point was the plain-tive comment of a mud-caked and

battered member of the Hong Kong-Shanghai Bank side, which had just absorbed an 11-3 beating at the hands of the Yanks. Victors and vanquished alike were shading a 30-foot square bathtub in the locker room at New Beckenham, soaping each other's backs and steaming out their mutual aches in the murky water. One of the defeated players peered through the steam at his American opponent seated across the tub. "I mean to say, old chap," he sighed, "why didn't you give us some sort of warning?"

Well, the Dartmouth players can answer that. They didn't have any warning, either. Just in case you happen to be planning to forward a Rugby team to England sometime, here's the inside story of how it happened.

Ever since the game of Rugby was started at Dartmouth, back in 1853, we have been dreaming of an overseas tour. I use the word "we" advisedly; for my house adjoins the Dartmouth campus, and is the course of time it has become the unofficial Rugby Club headquarters. So it was in my living room that the plans for the trip to England were hatched.

Our fall Rugby season had been

completed with a total score of 93-6, giving Dartmouth the mythical eastern title, and now, with the end of football, the team had been augmented by four star members of our Ivy League champion squad. Eddie Egan, chairman of the People to People Sports Committee, had invited the Dartmouth players to initiate his new program which, in President Eisenhower's own conception, is "dedicated to the promotion of international sports exchange on the premise that when good sportmen get together mutual understanding and friendship are broadened and the prospects for peace are enhanced." Dick Linschme, a scholarship student from England and president of the Rugby Club, enlisted the aid of his father, R. R. de L. Linschme of Surrey, in arranging a schedule. The only problem was how to raise the money.

The Dartmouth Rugby Club, like most American Rugby groups, is self-coached and self-financed. Many of the players are on scholarship, and working their way through school. The college's limited athletic budget could not be tapped. So by bit, nevertheless, donations began to come in. Loyal Dartmouth alumni and Rugby enthusiasts sent in personal checks to help defray expenses. Pan American helped out; so did Eddie Egan's committee; in addition I promised to turn over the proceeds from this article to swell the kitty. Team members pawned watches and rings in order to make their own contributions to the cause.

At the last possible minute the final and deciding contribution came in from Dartmouth Alumnus Sigurd Larson, president of Young & Rubicam; and the long-awaited bulletin

continued

Photographs by Larry Green

WAGGED AND MUDDY Dartmouth's Al Brown battles grimly with the opposition.

was posted on the door of the Beth house for all the players to see: "We're on our way to England. Get your monkey shorts." Long distance phone calls knocked thousands of parents that there was something to be satisfied in, the Christmas several players knew, having given up their last already started home for the holidays were hauled back to Hanover in frantic haste; dates cancelled on the Dartmouth campus for fearful moments. Dick Loeching woke his father in Surrey at 3 a.m. with the good news. "Of course," Dick added, "we're really not world-beaters, you know, Father."

"Just so long as you know the basic rules," Mr. Loeching senior consoled him, "we should have a lot of fun."

They knew the rules. Twenty-four hours after they landed in London, they took on their first opponents, an experienced Haslemere side. Score: Dartmouth 12, Haslemere 0.

"They made their entrance," reported the *London Times*, "with all the bounce and, at the same time, the endearing humility of Puck's great friend Tigger." After their first appearance at Haslemere, British Rugby enthusiasts rallied to their aid. Dr. P. S. de Q. Cabot, co-founder of the Eastern U.S.A. Rugby Union and now its British representative, became their English sponsor, and Jerry Jenkins, a former Cambridge Blue, volunteered to help as coach. "That's one example of British sportsmanship we'll never forget," John Hessler, our team captain, said. "They weren't so

much interested in winning over us as they were in helping us to be a better Rugby team."

They were also learning other things about British Rugby customs. One, for example, when an opposing player was felled by a hard tackle and had to be assisted off the field, Dartmouth Prop Forward Mike Moore generously applauded the fallen player. He was reminded seconds later that one doesn't do that over here, old boy; only when a player regains and returns to the game is he applauded. "They thought I was cheering because the other team had lost a player," Moseley sighed later. "It was really very trying."

The British were learning about American customs, too. The *London Telegraph* reported to its readers about the strange American ritual rites of pregame warmups: "Their impressive preliminaries consisted a series of exercises, performed in a circle and ranging from press-ups to a painful contortion which the military would be pleased to call 'alternate toe-swinging.' These completed, a short conference was held, the group eventually breaking up with a fierce war cry."

Equally baffling to the British hosts were the exhortations of the American partisans in the sidelines, including such Yankee words of encouragement as "Heads up, Green!" or "Come on, baby, let's go!" These shouts, ringing out above the occasional discreet "Well played, indeed!" from the other side, produced some frowns among British spectators. Even more distressing was the in-

quiet American yell of "Hit 'em!" which was interpreted as an open invitation to mayhem. "Not quite our regular procedure, I mean to say," a high-spirited Briton remarked to me.

"FROM LARGE TO VERY LARGE"

London was growing used to strange sights. Nursemaids with perambulators and Englishmen with folded umbrellas paused to stare in frank disbelief at the daily workouts in Hyde Park, where a score of bulky figures in green Dartmouth jerseys and sweatpants were practicing scrumdrums on the hallowed site of political strategy. Pedestrians stood open-mouthed as a chartered bus rolled down Piccadilly, filled with Dartmouth players, while Jake Crowtherland perched atop a pile of gear some front of the bus and tailed the shaved ankles of his teammates on the way to the next game. Even the size of the players was a source of considerable consternation. The *Express* commented that "they range from large to very large," and Al Krutner, Dartmouth football captain and all-day guard, was described by newspapermen as "uncomplicated in tone, only more mobile." At the Savile Club an elderly member, informed that Rugby was also played in such Ivy League schools as Yale and Harvard, pondered thoughtfully: "Harvard? Harvard? Oh, yes, isn't that somewhere near Dartmouth?"

But inevitably these first startled impressions gave way to a deeper understanding. Ambassador Jack Whitney, after receiving the Dartmouth team, wrote them: "This venture you

BRACED FOR TEAM PICTURE Dartmouth Rugby Club lines up as follows: back row, left to right, Captain John Hessler, Dave Barthrick, Jo. Girard, Hans Johnson, John Edwards, Al Cockburn, Al Brown, Bill Gray, Jack Crowtherland, Sam Reilly.

Mike Moseley, Jerry Aronson, Krutner (scrumming assistant, front row, left to right: Tony Denton, Jon Stockdale, Mike Miller, R. H. Holman, Dave Farlan, Karl Glaser and Al Krutner.



There isn't much, it is also a very much-misunderstood game. In the growing friendship between British and American hockey, it's one of the starting points for discussions and understandings. Looking at the bounds of our efforts, we're putting it to rest." Prince Philip sent a warm telegram of congratulations and good wishes. The Earl of Dartmouth, an Alsea hatch, too, wrote a letter, signed by him, to offer congratulations to his New Hampshire teammates. John Marston Montgomery, diving safety with the American players after a match, was asked how he felt about seeing a Yankee team beat the British at their own game. "Just good," he said. "Makes most of us feel like keeping from getting too complacent. Just good indeed." Children stopped to ask for autographs; and when they approached Richmond for their final game, the leader shouts: "Well played, indeed, Dartmouth!"

After when the visitors upon getting experts in taking Richmond their, the losing side, following British hockey tradition, formed a double line and applauded the first-round Yankees as they walked to the locker rooms, and then, walked through a double line of Yankees, who applauded the losers in turn. You felt that a lot more had been learned than English. In a couple of short weeks, "We learned about sportsmanship over here," Al Krutson said solemnly, "and we learned humility." You felt the experience would not be forgotten by either side.

So that night the team that mostly benefited the Fox Air Club for the States, wearing English club ties when they had no change back their coats, sporting dark sweater hats, even carrying a huge guitar purchased at a discount in Soho. When the airplane was again ordered out into explanation about how to put on a Mac West, the team solemnly chanted an English rhyme song they had learned from the Milllane:

"Why was it that we wanted, my sweater returned and"

She's no bloody use to anyone, no bloody use at all!"

Sam Bondy, guard at his team rates in disgust. "Still trying to improve Anglo-american relations," he commented, and then he says: "I was used to training in Harvard hockey."

END



AFTER MUDDY SCUM, DARTMOUTH'S EDWARD STROUD (PHIL CRABG) RACE



600 GREENS ASTONISHED AL KRUTSON RECEIVES BOTTOMS-UP TREATMENT



ASTUTE ELBOW TECHNIQUE FEATURED PLAY OF DARTMOUTH'S ART COCKBURN

KEEPING UP TRADITION, DARTMOUTH CLEBS LOBBY RICHMOND SIDE OFF FIELD



The president of Notre Dame borrows Sports

Illustrated's platform to give his answer to critics of the firing of Terry Brennan. Here, says Father Hesburgh, are

THE FACTS OF THE MATTER

by THE REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH, C.S.C.

C. Wright, the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh and TIME Inc.

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO SPORTS ILLUSTRATED kindly invited me to express some reservations (SI, Sept. 27, '64) regarding intercollegiate athletics. In a recent SPORTS ILLUSTRATED article entitled *Survivors of Notre Dame* (SI, Jan. 5) you say that I have found it impossible to live with these convictions at Notre Dame and have reversed myself, or allowed myself to be reversed almost reluctantly. If I read the article correctly, and separate the fact from the fiction, your conclusion is derived from the single fact of our having changed football coaches.

Here are a few more facts and convictions that may suggest an alternative, although perhaps less colorful, interpretation of that single fact. My primary conviction has been, and is, that whatever else a university may be, it must first of all be a place dedicated to excellence. Most of my waking hours are directed to the achievement of that excellence here in the academic order. As long as we, like most American universities, are engaged in intercollegiate athletics, we will strive for excellence of performance in this area too, but never at the expense of the primary order of academic excellence. This you may take as gospel truth and the deep conviction of our total administration and faculty.

Newspapers and university policy. Our new coach, Mr. Kuharik, will be governed by the same articles of administration for intercollegiate athletics that governed Mr. Brennan during the past five years. I wrote the latest revision of these articles some

years ago, and can assure you that there shall be no changes in the strict rules and regulations governing athletics at the university: no softening of admission standards, no lowering of scholastic average for eligibility each year, no amending of scholarship requirements or numbers, in a word, no university athletic policy change at all. I shall personally assure the new coach that excellence of performance within this traditional framework is what we seek at Notre Dame. Winning by means outside this framework of academic control would be without honor or glory in a university, and winning in athletics or anything else is both fortuitous and meaningless unless it is a reflection of excellence in performance to the full measure of one's ability, good training and the will to win. We do want to win this way—but no other way—and we make no apology for the will to win, as long as it keeps faith with the honor and integrity that should characterize an educational institution.

DOWN WITH NOSTALGIC CALCULUS

Now for a few more facts to dispel a few current myths. As much as one might enjoy being a martyr, I have not been the victim of alumni pressure. If I must be a martyr to something, let it be pressure for excellence, and that mainly in the academic order. Our alumni contributed more than \$560,000 to the university last year. I know of no contributions directed by alumni toward athletics or athletes. As a matter of public policy, such contributions would not be

welcome here, and if anyone has any doubts in the matter, let this enlighten him. I received a total of two negative communications from the alumni regarding football this past year. This fact alone must be something of a record as a university president's mail goes. I take all this as an assurance that our alumni are more interested in the academic advance of the university, for this indeed is the main aspect of their letters, and the prime purpose toward which they enthusiastically contribute both time and money.

But still there remains that single nagging fact—we did change coaches. Why? Must there not be something sinister in this? Nothing more sinister than a commitment to excellence, and the judgment that the performance would be bettered by the change. Like all judgments regarding human performance and standards of excellence, this is a fallible one. Many may disagree with it. Yet it was made unanimously by the faculty board in control of athletics at its regular December meeting. The director of athletics, while he does not have a vote in these matters, did agree with their recommendation. Ultimately, I had to approve or disapprove their recommendation. I studied their reasons, discussed them with some trusted counselors here and made my decision on the same basis that I would decide any change in university personnel.

Once the decision was made, I discussed the timing of the announcement with Terry. We mutually decided to make it before Christmas rather than after the new year. This was decided mainly in the interest of the assistant coaches, considering the present availability of other coaching positions that might not be available later. Salaries for all are, of course, continued for three months or until they are placed.

I fully realized at the time that this would not be a last chance in popular decisions.

But then, most difficult decisions are not popular, and most decisions relevant to excellence are difficult. We could, for example, greatly improve the whole structure of American education tomorrow if we would make a few difficult and unpopular decisions. In any event, the important factor for an administrator is to be convinced that he is acting reasonably and rightly. With this conviction, I approved the recommendation



THEODORE MARTIN HESSBURG, 41, was born in Syracuse, N.Y., and was educated at Notre Dame and at the Gregorian University in Rome. Later he earned a doctorate in theology at Catholic University. He returned to Notre Dame after World War II and was named president in 1952. A year ago President Hessburg appointed him to the six-man liberal Civil Rights Commission. It was for this magazine (Sept. 27, '64) that Father Hessburg wrote out his affirmative credo for the relationship of sport and studies at Notre Dame: "We are in favor of intercollegiate athletics within their proper dimensions . . . those of university life and purpose."

of the faculty board, and frankly did so with mixed emotions and hesitations, if you will, because Terry Bowser is an attractive young man, a good friend of mine from his student days and my personal choice for head coach five years ago.

So there are the facts of the matter. Woods has a new head coach but within the same framework. I have no bears about Joe Kuharsch misrepresenting this framework, for he, too, is a Notre Dame graduate who continued studies here towards a

master's degree. He was a varsity player of distinction and a freshmen football coach during his days of graduate study. He understands what we stand for, and we have our confidence. Despite any syndicated warnings to the contrary, he is not expected to be Bowser, but only Kuharsch; he is not to be measured by any nostalgia calculus of wins, losses and national championships, but only by the excellence of his coaching and the spirit of his teams. This is quite different from a philosophy of

"win or else." A team can perform miserably and win, and a team can look magnificent in defeat. The one and lost record is no ultimate criterion for a reasonable and thinking man. Excellence of performance, spirit and attitude be non-mercenary, central to any sport, activity and art. I believe, the precise values that have attracted most Americans to championship sports: these values, or degenerate them, and no game is worth playing.

One last word. While I can appreciate the some cultural hatred of sports, I think it somewhat of an inversion of values that a university can appoint distinguished professors, make broad and significant changes in academic personnel, and yet produce no significant developments in sports more than a slight ripple of attention. But let the same university make a bold move in the right direction, and within a short time the intense attack of sports will cease to encourage that it is no longer a first-rate academic institution, and must, therefore, be considered a football factory.

It seems to me that a little more thought could be given regarding what makes an institution academically first rate. What has relevance here is of a different and higher order—integrity, maturity and seriousness of its students; the intelligence and dedication of its faculty; the significant nature of its research; the condition of its facilities and, most important, the total and primary commitment of the whole university program to academic excellence. What the university does with itself, assuming it to be in a proper framework, neither adds to nor subtracts anything from those relevant and all-important academic facts. There is no academic virtue in playing mediocre football and no academic vice in winning a game that by all odds one should lose.

It could be said and indeed is tragic, however, when a university or a nation puts the greatest importance and interest in those things that are less important in the total scheme of national life. The good need not be, but often is, the enemy of the better. At least in this, we are grateful that SIVERTS, BUCHHEIT and others are so interested that we keep our goals in proper perspective.

There has indeed been a surrender at Notre Dame, but it is a surrender to excellence on all fronts, and in this we hope to rise above ourselves with the help of God.

END

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

HIBERNATION AND READINESS: BASEBALL DEPT.

Ted Williams with a rod, Whitey Ford wearing a broker's sack suit, Albie Pearson caught up in Castro's Cuban revolution—these were some of the unorthodox postures of ballplayers last week. But winter is a time of readiness also, and in baseball's munitions factories rows of missiles were ready for the signal, "Play Ball!"



ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY—Baseball factories stock up to meet the A. L. Springing season in Chicago, Maine, and other regions for more than a dozen professional and youth leagues. The 3,750 balls racked



A RUBBER FISH and luring net occupy the attention of Red Sox slugger Ted Williams and fan at a Philadelphia sporting goods show as the veteran Boston bad boy plays fishing tackle he manufactures as a sideline.



THE BIG BOARD at Falmesbrook and Co. appears far more bewildering than Yogi Berra's signals to Yankee pitcher Whitey Ford who, with an



up here by Department Manager Charles Koonen presents a look at his world's production of fine products for the nation. The products are they contribute to the

world. This is a very important product, and with it, the world is made to be a better place. This is a very important product, and with it, the world is made to be a better place.



eye to the future, is earning the millions of high income as a brokerage-house trader.



A REBEL RIFLE in the hands of one of Fidel Castro's guerrillas. Cuban revolutionaries are loaded with arms, gingerly attention by Albin Pearson, American League Rookie of the Year, who is looking in this through the winter months as a centerfielder in the Cuban League.



WONDERFUL WORLD *PHOTOGRAPHY*

WINTERLAND WHAT-IS-IT

Photography by Art Wang



An interplanetary visitor circling the earth in a low-flying saucer and spotting this curious assortment of oblongs and rectangles might easily wonder, and justifiably so, what man was up to last week. As a matter of fact, earthlings may puzzle a bit, too. A few

hints: the photograph was taken from an airplane circling some 200 feet above Lake Minnetonka in southern Minnesota, U.S.A. It is late in the afternoon and the temperature is around 15° below zero. Got it? Now for the answer and details, turn the page.

WONDERFUL WORLD continued

... IT'S A COLONY OF ICE FISHERMEN

Ice fishing keeps on growing as one of the most popular winter sports of Minnesota, with close to half a million anglers working the state's frozen lakes last year. What you saw on the preceding page were some of the 3,000 fishing shacks that dot Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis. The shacks vary in size. Some hold as many as six (two fishermen, four bridge players), while smaller ones, known as "sharkhouses," hold three or two. There are two recognized methods: you can dangle a line or lance the fish with a spear. Catches consist of pike, walleyes and even sunfish. Although most fishermen walk to their shacks, the ice is thick enough to hold a car. If you don't believe us, take another look at the next west coast.

PACKING catches Chris Nelson's, whose father owns one of Lake's larger shacks.



Huddled in the warmth of their fishing shack after a long day of fishing are Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mottet. Their catch of walleyes lies frozen on the deck in foreground.



Gathering fish is Eric Kriebel, who rents ice-fishing shacks and sells bait. Behind him is his family's shack, which he uses to store catch over the frozen lake.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

End of a Decade

AS IT MUST to all convinced of intolerable violation of the anti-trust laws, dissolution came this week to the International Boxing Club. Francis Gilson, president; James D. Norris, former president; Ruling for the People, the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the order of the district court (51, July 1, '67) dismantling the iron web of monopoly which the IBC began to weave just a decade ago. The court ruled that the IBC has "exercised a stranglehold on the industry for a long period," that it amounted to "an odorous monopoly . . . still leered in the boxing world."

As editors of a four-year-old magazine which has for four years devoted substantial time and space to a documented account of the lamentable effects of the IBC monopoly, we look forward with good cheer to the prospects of a new and freer atmosphere in a great sport in the decade ahead.

South Bend Retaliat

When Terry Brennan was dismissed as football coach of Notre Dame, the action was widely interpreted in the U.S. press as a retreat by the university in the face of "win-or-quit" alumni demands. This magazine called its own account *Surrender at Notre Dame*. On pages 16-17 of this issue the president of Notre Dame, Father Hesburgh, borrows our space to refute this interpretation. We are glad that Father Hesburgh has chosen *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* as his forum, and we welcome his word that there has been no change in the standards that Father Hesburgh himself has set for Notre Dame; that the only surrender at South Bend is Notre Dame's long-committed "surrender to excellence on all fronts."

The Truly Small World

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS doubtless had his share of trouble on those transatlantic voyages back in the 1490s, but at least no one stepped down to the beach to greet him with that fine old cliché, "Well, it's a small world, isn't it?"

We regret to report that the same cannot be said of Columbus' most

recent emulators. The somber fact is that the first words spoken in the Western Hemisphere to the daring four who had drifted for 24 days on wind and tide from the Old World to the New were—approximately—"Say, are you folks *The Small World*?" Except for the quibble that he was seeking factual information about the name of their frail craft,

—continued

KHRUSHCHEV SENDS CLEVELAND INDUSTRIALIST CYRUS EATON A TROJAN AND THREE WHITE HORSES—*News Item*



"Would you consider shaping over for the *Hambletonian*, Ananias?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the questioner, a Barbados fisherman named Braithwaite, might just as well have been mouthing the cliché that echoes through the Ritz Bar in Paris a thousand times a week. And the funny part is that the cliché makes sense, for—dammit all—it is a small world, isn't it?

Some 1,875 well-filled commercial airliners made the trip between New York's Idlewild and various European airports in the three weeks Arnold (Bunby) Eiloart and his companions drifted over and on the Atlantic. The U.S. sent another satellite aloft to join the three already orbiting, each of which traversed Eiloart's projected course in a matter of minutes. Another steel monster flew skyward out of Russia to spurn the earth entirely and find its spot in the vast area of the solar system. A revolution was consummated and a dictator ousted in the very island group toward which *The Small World* was headed.

And yet one day a native fisherman seeking dolphin saw a strange craft bobbing about in the wastes of the Atlantic and recognized it instantly. "Are you *The Small World*?" he asked. "Yes," answered Bunby Eiloart, now bushier than ever with a harum-scarum beard to match his shock of blond hair, but "No," we must answer for him. Neither the gas-filled balloon that kept them airborne for two days, nor the plastic boat that kept them afloat on the sea for 22 more, neither Eiloart himself nor his son Timothy, who promptly overcame himself sick when they reached

land, neither Colin Macfie, the eager yachtsman who kept them pointing in the right direction, nor his gallant wife Rosemary, whose first thought ashore was of hobby pins, properly constituted the small world of today. That world was the world on whose surface they drifted, not creatures from another universe as Columbus must once have seemed, but predictable, if unimportant, parts of a tight little global community so small that nothing in it is any more truly lost but only temporarily misplaced.

"Oh, it's you," the Barbados fisherman might well have said to the brave little party of foolhardy adventurers at the end of their long voyage. "Well, come on. I'm busy."

Peripatetic Cup

TENNIS is not the only game at which Victor Deeny, president of the USLTA, and Perry Jones, captain of the Davis Cup team, are experts. We learned last week that they are both pretty fair hands at one-upmanship as well, and even though we ourselves were in a sense the victims, we were downright pleased.

You may remember our suggesting that the Davis Cup itself be sent to Peru to stand on exhibition as a gesture of good will between the U.S. and the native land of its finest young tennis player, Alex Olmeda. We hoped when we wrote it that both Jones and Deeny would prove amenable to the idea. As it turned out they were ahead of us. "Win or

lose," said Victor Deeny last week, "we had already thought of sending Alex, some of the other boys and Perry Jones on an exhibition tour of Peru and other South American countries. Personally I can think of no better way to spread good will and a sense of kinship. Like Olmeda's participation in the cup matches, it is a direct extension of what Dwight Davis envisioned when he first donated the trophy."

Perry Jones had an even more ambitious itinerary in mind. "I would like to deliver the cup to Vic Deeny in Seattle," he said. "Then I would like to take it down to Los Angeles. The boys who won it would probably



play an exhibition. Earl Buchholz and Chris Crawford need to get back to school and so does Olmeda, but I would like them to be on hand when we take the cup to New York. On the way I would like to stop at St. Louis, where Buchholz lives, and Dayton, Ohio, where Barry MacKay lives, show off the cup and give an exhibition. The Argentine invited Alex and me to Buenos Aires, and Alex has an invitation to Peru. It would be a fine thing if we could go there and take the entire Davis Cup team with us."

There seems to be nothing left for us to do now except, perhaps, provide a suitable gear for what promises to be a very peripatetic Davis Cup.

Goal to Go

THE annual model change is becoming a standard procedure in college football, as it already is in the making of automobiles. Last year's chief restyling item—in football, not automaking—was the two-point conversion rule, which turned out to be as much of a commercial success as tail fins.

Right now the game's 11 designers

They Said It

RICHARDSON BILMORTH, *inspector of Philadelphia, hawking a Keep-the-Phillies-in-Philadelphia drive*: "We are just getting over the old roadside jokes about sleepy Philadelphia. If we lose big league baseball when every other city is fighting for it, it is going to do a great deal of harm."

WILLIE HUNTER, *Los Angeles' Riviera Country Club golf professional and longtime observer of great golfers*: "This young lad Venturi may be the player everyone has been waiting for. He has the game in his pocket."

TEDDY (THE PANTS) TUNING, *British play-clothes designer, announcing that his Wimbledon innovation this year will be wigs*: "I have never before succeeded in extending my work above the neck."

they are the members of the NCAA Football Rules Committee, and seven of them are coaches are meeting in Los Angeles to plan changes for 1960. Most of the nation's coaches want the goal posts back on the goal line, from which they were moved in 1932. If they can't have them back where they were, then they are willing to compromise to get the same effect: at their recent meeting in Cincinnati, the coaches suggested three different goal-post designs for the NCAA committee to consider, obviously in the hope that if one was rejected, another would pass. The net effect of each design, of course, is to make field goals easier to kick.

First, said the coaches through their Advisory Rules Committee, they would like to have the crossbar and uprights projected over the goal line, though the supports for them might be set back in the end zone, out of the players' way. Failing that, they would like to keep the goal posts right where they are but lower the crossbar from 10 feet to nine and make the uprights 28 feet 9 inches apart instead of 18 feet 6 inches. This design would give the kicker a bigger target and so compensate for its being 10 yards farther away.

But if this, too, fails to please, the coaches have still another plan: keep the supports on the end line but cantilever the uprights and the crossbar three feet into the end zone and put the uprights 28 feet 10 inches apart.

The Rules Committee, naturally, may choose any one or more of these



arrangements. But the very number of them suggests that coaches have now found a convenient point at which to make the yearly model change: they can redesign the goal posts. Crossbars can rise one year and drop the next, like the hemlines of women's dresses, and uprights can move in and out.



"I represent the Candid Outdoor Photo Company and we will be glad to..."

Actually, the coaches have already been outdone by a man named Gordon W. Plough of Wenatchee, Wash. Mr. Plough has designed goal posts of standard dimensions, gradually cantilevered over the goal line on steel arcs. Embedded in the top of the crossbar are 30 electric lights, each beamed straight up. When a football passes through these beams, says Mr. Plough, colored lights on top of the goal posts will flash wildly, signaling either an extra point or a field goal. "These posts," he adds, "would be permanent installations. Guards would have to be posted to safeguard them at the conclusion of each game."

Mr. Plough designed his flashing goal posts with professional football in mind, but obviously he has created just what the college coaches are looking for, and then some. We recommended Mr. Plough to the NCAA, and the NCAA to Mr. Plough.

Cultural Campaigning

WHILE the unprecedented arrival of Napoleon and Hitler learned too late about campaigning against Russia, the Russians have known all along: nobody wins on a half full stomach. This lesson worked at Moscow and it worked at Stalingrad. For the 18 Soviet hockey players now campaigning across the U.S., it has also worked in New York, Minneapolis, Chicago, Detroit and Denver. The Russians have beaten our best amateurs four times and tied them twice. Finding all these triumphs has been another one; the visitors have magnificently outstayed us.

Invent upon inventing diets of 5,000 calories a day or better, the Russians began to grace our western stockpiles during a Canada series in late December. Their hosts, the Canadian Hockey Association, picked up

(continued)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the checks with strained good humor for a while. But the Soviet players, absorbing up to eight beefsteaks apiece a day, swartzed the association budget and had to be put on a squad dining-room allowance of a flat \$150 per diem.

When the team with its seven coaches and managers moved into New York, Manhattan's Hotel Paramount served them nine meals, added up the checks, and billed the American Hockey Association for more than \$1,660. Once arrived in Detroit (back for a 2 a.m. airport snick: \$90.25), the guests ordered this way—11:30 a.m. refueler: double orange juice, two broiled double lamb chops, home-fried potatoes, marmalade, jam, two glasses of milk and a half loaf or so of pumpernickel; 4 p.m. pregame meal: pineapple juice, marinated herring, chicken consommé with rice, 12-ounce chopped steak under two fried eggs, hash-browned potatoes, sliced tomatoes, double milk, apples, pears, bananas, and a half loaf or so of pumpernickel; 11:30 p.m. postgame meal: ham omelet, American-fried potatoes, sliced tomatoes, milk and another half loaf of so of pumpernickel.

Next morning they were downstairs early, before pushing off to Denver, to take on a breakfast of roast chicken, whipped potatoes, creamed carrots, jam, milk and a final clearing of the pumpernickel supply. Behind them, is the Hotel Detroit-Leland, a traditional stopping place for professional hockey players and other athletes, they left a visibly impressed catering manager, Miss Doris Thompson, a veteran of 26 years in the dietary business. Miss Thompson guessed she had witnessed something like an alltime world record in food consumption: "It just did my heart real good."

Give Him a Hand

ID LIKE you to meet the new commissioner of the New York State Athletic Commission, Major General Commissioner Melvin Krulwich of the United States Marine Corps. Johnny Addie, the ring an-

nouncer, told some 2,000 somnolent fans in the chill and gloomy reaches of Madison Square Garden (capacity, 18,857) last Friday night. "Give him a hand," Major General Melvin Levin Krulwich (pronounced *crus-la-wich*), USMCR (ret.), a strapping (6 feet 1 inch, 191 pounds) 68-year-old Republican lawyer who had been appointed commission chairman by Governor Nelson Rockefeller to replace Julius Helland, a Democratic lawyer, arose and acknowledged the meager applause. Then he sat down and saw a lousy fight.

Earlier in the week the New York press had met the general and learned that he does not wear undershorts, that he did not know who Cas D'Amato is (he is the manager of Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson), that he did not know what position Truman Gibson holds (he has been president of the International Boxing Club), that he speaks French and Spanish (he also speaks German, Italian, Yiddish, Hebrew and a few words of Chinese and in 1957 conducted a multilingual and unsuccessful campaign for election as Borough President of Manhattan), that he fought in three wars (World War I, World War II and Korea), that his maternal grandfather, Harris Levin, was a Confederate soldier in Co. L, Virginia Reserves during the Civil

War, that he was once a wrestler at Columbia College and that he cautiously does not want to "express any opinions until I get a chance to see what the picture is."

The picture, General, is a bleak landscape populated by infrequent fights which are usually poorly attended. It has been muddled with favoritism, monopoly and, occasionally, conniving and faulty officiating. It is not a pretty picture or an easy one to understand. We hope that when the general sees what it is he will do something about it and we give him a hand in expectation.

On, Hill!

WHEN HAVE TWO QUESTIONS: Who was the last American to win an international Grand Prix of the highest rank? Who will do it next?

Go to the head of the class if your answers are Jimmy Murphy and Phil Hill. It has been nearly 35 years since Murphy won the French Grand Prix aboard a Daimler-Benz—a galling reminder of this nation's fall from its old eminence (such as it was) in international road racing. You may perch us in engine oil, though, if Hill, driving an Italian Ferrari, does not make amends before very long.

It was with this hope, as well as in recognition of the recent achievements of the 31-year-old Californian, that the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* honored Hill this week as the U.S. Sports Car Driver of the Year.

"Phil Hill was the most successful and distinguished American circuit racing driver of the year 1958," said his citation, which remarked his victories in the leading sports car races of three continents; the 24 Hours of Le Mans (with Belgium's Olivier Gendebien), the 12 Hours of Sebring, and the 1,000 Kilometers of Argentina (both with Britain's Peter Collins). His debut in Grand Prix racing, the citation went on, was of such caliber that he might one day become the champion driver of the world.

True enough. In the meantime we'll settle for one Grand Prix victory. On, Hill! On Ferrari! We have waited long enough.



Done For

These basketballs, if you've believed, Piled up in baby's mouth, Have seen their day—they've been retired Because they're out of bounds.

—RICHARD ARONSON



FIVE CSOP OF USC ATHLETES INCLUDING SWIMMER WADDE, VOLLEYBALLER BREWER, TENNIS PLAYER OLMEED AND JUMPER GIBBS



ALSO BARRED FROM NCAA CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE SWIMMER HENDRICKS, PITCHER THOM, GOLFER GIESBERGER, GUARD MAXBAUER

'FEEL SORRY FOR THE KIDS'

THE eight young men above represent the quality of athletics at the University of Southern California, a school whose that quality is high indeed. But sports fans at USC, and the athletes themselves, are at present gloomy, not cheerful, about the 1984 season. The reason is that the National Collegiate Athletic Association, as punishment for two rather minor recruiting violations in football, has banned USC for a year from NCAA championship competition in 17 sports, and from 25 important sports events (including all the major bowl games—which cooperate with the NCAA). This means that USC's baseball, tennis and track teams, which hold NCAA championships right now, will not be able to defend their titles. It means that the swimming team, which includes Australian Olympic stars Murray Rose and Jon Henricks—who are now USC sophomores—will not be able to challenge Michigan for the NCAA championship. It means, over-all, that USC's horizons in all sports are drastically narrowed for 1985. And there is, in addition, a two-year ban on Southern California's participation in any sports event televised under the authority of the NCAA.

The shocked reactions of Southern Californians generally include two strong complaints: that the enormity of the NCAA's punishment is out of all proportion to the crime; and that the punishment is spread around far too generously among those who committed no offense at all. "This seeming condemnation of the unquestionably innocent along with the presumably guilty is itself a curious version of fair play," said the *Los Angeles Examiner*. An official at USC put it less formally: "I just

feel sorry for the kids." Still another Californian said the penalties "reminded me of a man jailed on a manslaughter charge and then let out on parole. If he never had light would you send him to the electric chair?" He was referring to the fact that USC had just finished a two-year probationary period and expected not an additional penalty but a clean bill of health.

From the NCAA point of view, however, it was the fact that USC committed recruiting violations—kidney problems that justified the extremely punishment just imposed. As for punishing the innocent along with the guilty, the NCAA position is that penalties are given institutions, not individuals. A. D. Kirwan of Kentucky, whose chairman of the NCAA committee on violations, says, "It is no more unfair to boys in track and tennis than it is to the 67 football players who were involved in violations. When it comes to the athletes themselves, you might say that all those punished are personally innocent. Often the boys involved are already graduated, and those who remain are innocent. But we feel that a school should watch all its sports closely to protect them all."

The monstrous — and flintlike — simplicity of the NCAA position can have little appeal to Southern California. Yet it remains an enormous reality that has to be faced. The punishment is laid on USC's five athletes, but that fact itself is—or should be—the strongest force of all in keeping athletic officials within the rules. California cannot be blamed for its anger. But the anger should properly be directed at those who commit violations, not at those who punish them.



SUCCESSFUL. *Hunting party, (from left) Mr. and Mrs. Stanwood Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Van Bergeon, and 11 children Mrs. Clayton McCauley pose before DC-3 with field dogs and one-day bag of game birds.*

Midwinter Hunt

In zero weather Californians bag pheasants and quail on a uniquely privileged preserve

Photographed by Tami Erickson

FOR most of the nation's outdoorsmen, a picture like the one above at this point would be just a souvenir of a happy 1938-39 hunting season. For San Francisco Lumberman Stanwood Murphy and his guests, however, it is heartening evidence that the best of the season is right now, even if—as pictures on the following pages show—the weather may at times be inclement. For this is the time of year when Murphy's 4,000-acre Flying M Ranch near Vermon, Nevada offers hunting that most sportsmen only dream of. Because it is part of a Nevada game management program, the ranch has a six-month-long bird-shooting season which runs from early fall to the end of February. During this period, the Flying M is a unique private hunting preserve, heavily populated with deer and richly stocked with pheasants, valley quail and chukar partridge. On any winter day, Murphy and his friends have only to walk a few feet in any direction to flush a game bird from beneath the sagebrush.

Actually, the Flying M was conceived and developed for a dual purpose: along with its fine hunting, it is also a working ranch which supports 700 head of whitelane and 300 head of Santa Gertrudis cattle. Murphy believes he has the largest herd of Santa Gertrudis west of Texas, and he and his wife are particularly proud of the work

they have done in developing the herd. "We're both crazy about the cattle," Murphy says, "and we both like to hunt. I guess our reasons for buying the ranch were divided along these lines about fifty-fifty. Before we bought the ranch, we didn't have any place of our own to hunt pheasants."

Today this is no longer a problem. Almost every weekend during the hunting season, the Murphys pile themselves and their friends into a DC-3 for the hour-and-five-minute flight from San Francisco. It is only a short walk from the Flying M's 4,500-foot landing strip to the ranch's five-bedroom main house with its adjacent bunkhouse, cookhouse and manager's quarters. Usually the Murphys bring along such longtime shooting companions as Movie Producer Hal Roach, Restaurateur Vic Bergeron, Retired Navy Captain Clayton McCauley and their wives. Sometimes they hunt all day; at other times, a morning or an afternoon of tramping through near-zero temperatures is enough for even the hardest members of the group. "Besides," Murphy adds, "at the Flying M, a hunter doesn't need any more than a few hours in any kind of weather to bag his share of birds."

LOOKING OUT *grazes his own sheep. Nevada land, Flying M Ranch Owner, Stanwood Murphy, stands with Mrs. Van Bergeon for other hunters.*





BRAVING STORM that unexpectedly blanketed the north with snow, Vic Bergeron (left) of San Francisco, founder of fast-food Trader Vic restaurants, and movie magnate Hal Roach bridge along frosted trail





RESTING with their dogs, Emilee Jones & O. Mrs. Raymond Murphy, Mrs. V. B. Bergeron, Hal Roach and Clayton C. McKinley discuss strategy for placement along the Flying H Ranch

SWINGING over fast-growing, Trader Vic, a first-rate wing club, first at phenomenal winged arches. He was an archer from a winged archer winged archer in 5,000 acres. Normal, a winged archer.



SMILING after dog's bust, Vir-
slaters phewest and fransie walking
stick used to bust the thicket for birds

FIRST LOOK AT A



NEW POOL

The revolutionary swimming pool on the WPT scene was unveiled this week by the most unusual corporation president in the U.S., Esther Williams, of International Swimming Pool. For more on pretty President Williams, check here, in her relaxing clothes, and her pretty portable pool, here page 10.





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Thunderbird's doors are exceptionally wide (4 feet, to be exact), and the front passenger seat folds all the way down. This gives you direct, easy access to the rear seats.

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FIRST LOOK AT A NEW POOL *continued*

NEW LOOK AT A FIRST LADY

**. . . of swimming, naturally,
but Esther Williams is
a top businesswoman as well
by VIRGINIA KRAFT**

THIS," said Esther Williams as she emerged from the azure waters of her latest Esther Williams Swimming Pool, "is the biggest thing that has ever happened in home pools. It is also," the dazzling president of the International Swimming Pool Corporation added, "the most exciting thing that has ever happened to me." Her words will very likely soon be echoed by nationwide thousands for whom a backyard swimming pool is still an improbable dream, for the Penthouse Pool shown on the preceding pages, pilot model for the newest and most unusual addition to International's line of 24 different types of home and commercial swimming pools, could become as familiar a part of American family living as the second car. "We're planning to sell the 16-by-20-foot Penthouse Pool for under \$3,000," Esther says. "At that price there's no reason why there shouldn't be a pool in every backyard big enough to hold one."

The Penthouse indeed appears to offer more for the money than any pool now on the market. Its low price is possible because of the pool's unique construction—the Penthouse is built above, rather than in, the ground, eliminating costly excavation problems. Moreover, the basic pool structure is California redwood, a radical departure and, according to Esther, a considerable improvement over the traditional poured concrete. Besides being less expensive than concrete, redwood withstands weather and water indefinitely, needs no special finish and, most important, can be prefabricated on an assembly-line basis.

The redwood structure also forms its own fence around the pool, with locking doors to keep out stray ani-

mal and stray people. Beneath the enclosed decking is more than 300 square feet of storage space, enough to handle the lawn mower and deck chains of practically the whole neighborhood. Of even greater interest, should an owner move and want to take his pool with him, the whole assembly can be dismantled and reassembled in a couple of days. By the same token, as the family grows, the standard-size Penthouse Pool can be enlarged from 16 by 20 feet to 16 by 32 feet simply by adding redwood panels to the original structure.

To Esther and to International, the new Penthouse Pool, which goes on the market this week, represents the gold medal at the end of a three-year swim to the top of one of the nation's fastest-growing industries (SI, April 29, 1957). A decade ago there were only an estimated 2,500 private swimming pools in the entire country, and most of these were in the backyards of millionaires and movie stars. Today this figure has grown to 87,500, and Esther Williams has built a large share of them, primarily in the backyards of average homes.

"And we've really only started," Esther says. "Although the average family no longer thinks of all swimming pools in terms of the very rich, until now a quality pool was still an expensive proposition. Aside from the cost of cement and steel, most pool companies had to buy materials from dozens of different manufacturers.

"With all these middlemen," Esther adds, "a good pool had to cost money for the builder to make any profit himself. As far as we were concerned, there was only one logical way around this—standardize swimming pools and thus mass-produce all the parts ourselves."

At International's factories in Puerto Rico and New Jersey, pool parts are manufactured on an assembly-line basis, and every Esther Williams pool, regardless of where it is

continued

located, is installed to standard International specifications.

"We'd build you any shape pool you want," Esther says, borrowing a phrase from old Henry Ford, "as long as it's rectangular. This is the shape we've found most efficient and most practical to install, and it's the only kind we sell install. We get lots of requests for other kinds. Jayne Mansfield wanted one in the shape of Mickey Hargitay's muscles and Liberace wanted a piano-shaped pool. They're fine, but we don't build them. Our goal at International has been the highest-quality pool at the lowest price—and this means standardization. We think the Penthouse is the answer."

At International's price, the Penthouse is certainly an amazing bargain; but then, International's president is an amazing woman. To most people, Esther Williams is primarily a beautiful face and a beautiful body—so beautiful, in fact, that the American public has paid some \$96 million over the past 17 years to oggle her on movie screens. But added to her rather impressive 58-35-35 physical dimensions is an equally impressive mind. At the same time Esther was building an enviable bankroll for her studio she was also building one for herself in a dozen outside ventures, from a screen-door factory to a filling station. Her biggest and latest venture, International Swimming Pools, is a combination of her Hollywood role as an agentess and her out-of-movie business experience.

"I've been lucky that my career in film has been successful so long," Esther admits honestly, "but I'd also be pretty foolish if I figured on lasting forever. Nobody does. Aside from being fascinated by everything about business—really, it's even a bigger challenge than the toughest swimming meet I've always been convinced that I had to find a business which would go on long after I stopped making films. Swimming pools seemed to me the most exciting and promising of all. I guess it was inevitable that someday I'd start building them."

After 29 years of competitive and exhibition swimming (she began at 8), there isn't much Esther doesn't know about swimming pools. In the early '50s she started applying some of this specialized knowledge as a design consultant to friends who were

building their own pools. By the time there were 10 Williams-designed pools in the ground Esther knew what a good family pool ought to be. Then all she needed was a company to build them.

"I started looking into pool-building companies on the West Coast," Esther recalls, "but in most cases the companies were either reluctant to go national or were only interested in my name and not my ideas. So I just kept on looking around and waiting for the right situation to come along."

In 1953 it did, in the person of a smart young entrepreneur named Don Pruett. At 38, Pruett had already accumulated a sizeable bit of capital in the underwear business. With a lot of money in his pocket and a lot of ideas in his head, he took a year's sabbatical to figure out what business he wanted to enter next.

After poking into half a dozen fields he decided the most promising—and unexploited—was the swimming-pool business. His idea, like Esther's, was to mass-produce a quality swimming pool priced within the budget of the average housewife. To sell such a product, Pruett needed a trade name which would be synonymous with swimming.

SURVEY OF A STAR

The obvious one was Esther Williams. But Esther was a Hollywood star and this, Pruett was afraid, might adversely influence the sale of a family product. To find out, he hired Motivational Research, Inc. to run a survey on Esther Williams. To his surprise she emerged the "household heroine," the star who in spite of her glamour was invariably identified in the minds of the public with someone's mother, sister, daughter, sweetheart or best friend.

That was enough for Pruett. Without bothering to announce himself, he called on Esther in Los Angeles. Before the afternoon was over, they were in business. They started out in November 1953 with an investment of \$50,000. In three years that \$50,000 partnership has grown into a \$10 million-a-year business, with a future that looks even brighter than its past. "The company is growing so fast," Esther beams, "that I have trouble keeping up. Why, last month alone we more than doubled the volume we did a year ago."

Pruett, who holds controlling interest in the corporation, is chairman of the board and Esther is president.

Beyond this, however, she is a super-salesman who could sell ice to the Eskimos—and has, as a matter of fact, sold one of her pools to a citizen of water-poor Hong Kong where it isn't legal to fill a bathtub, let alone a swimming pool.

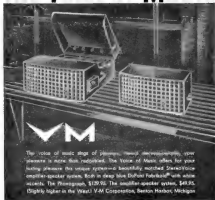
Like all master salesmen, Esther has an amazing ability to make just about everyone she meets like the most fascinating person in the room. When she flashes her big green eyes at a male, his reaction is fairly easy to understand. But, surprisingly, she somehow achieves a similar hypnotic effect with women. During the past year Esther has had plenty of opportunity to practice her art. In the course of promoting her pools, she has visited more than 300 cities, covered some 60,000 miles and sold pools in such volume that one might almost suspect she went with the product.

On these barnstorming cross-country tours Esther has four distinct working costumes that she changes with the speed of a vaudeville magician. "I used to model in a department store," Esther says, "but those quick changes were nothing like the 30-second ones I have to make on the road."

The first is her movie-queen outfit. She generally wears this when she arrives in a new town. Resident even in early morning in full-length mink, yards of glittering jewelry, a low-cut dress and Hollywood's symbol, dark glasses, Esther has mastered just the right way to sink from an airplane or a Cadillac into the waiting arms and autograph books of local reporters and drooling adolescents. While her agents set up lunch with prospective business clients, Esther holds court in the most lavish hotel suite in town, alternately being interviewed, unstated, quoted and admired.

As soon as the fans can be dispensed, Esther switches to her next costume. She gets rid of the jewelry and dark glasses, substitutes a cloth coat for the mink, buttons up her dress, nose-dunks the makeup, smooths back her hair and is ready to face the town's financial and civic leaders. At the end of two hours, during which she will explain the operation of International, discuss the cost and construction of her pools and enumerate the policies of her corporation, Esther usually manages to convince her audience that she is the smartest business woman they have met in years.

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NEW POOL

"I'll be honored to be there. After all, my dog is a cubswater, too. And competition is as good for youngsters"; and from another distributor asking when he could start a thing Penthouse Pools. "We're in production now and we'll be filling orders as fast as you can get them to us." In between phone calls, Esther brightened the butler's day with glowing approval of his land's chucks, complimented the tailor on how well he'd altered a dress, convinced the TV repairman that he was the shrewdest electronics since Marconi and assured a lady representative of a local charity that she'd be delighted to speak at their annual midwinter tea.

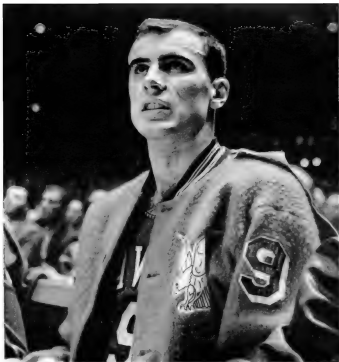
"These are the occasions I dread," she confided. "To begin with, there's always some inquisitive soul who insists on sniffing over my shoulder as though she suspected my tin was spiked. Then the ladies always expect you to wear a giraffe. I'd almost rather lose a sale than put up with that torture."

GLAMOUR WITHOUT GEEKS

Nevertheless, rather than offend the club ladies, Esther usually tries to give the giraffe a go. When she does, it apparently is fortunate, as this reporter can verify after watching her slip out through a formal dinner recently. The moment she was able to escape, Esther dashed into the nearest ladies' room and dashed out again, grinning like a disobedient child. "I tried," she said, revealing the offending garment in last evening's paper, "but life is really too short."

This attitude, perhaps, is the secret behind Esther's seemingly unending stores of energy and enthusiasm, whether she is selling a Penthouse Pool or charming a group of elderly ladies. Certainly, after such a whirlwind day of calls and calls, most people would be ready for sedate confinement. But Esther, looking fresh and rosy and—*even sexier*—as though she had been poised into a pair of black tuxedo pants, expertly raised a couple of icy Martinis and insisted that the reporter stay a while. "You must be exhausted," she said with the concern of an old friend, "but we've had so little chance to talk, and I've been dying to ask you how you ever manage to park everything into one suitcase for all your traveling. I just adore efficient people."

END



CLENCHED TEETH, BULGING VEIN IN FOREHEAD REVEAL INTENSITY WITH WHICH PETTIT FOLLOWS HAWKS GAME FROM BENCH

FACE OF A CHAMPION

Photographs by Euse Polzin

Bob Pettit displays the fierce competitive spirit that is the mark of a great athlete

The dramatic portrait of Bob Pettit above is the most fitting kind of introduction to the display of his basketball talent that follows on the next four pages. It is eloquent testimony to the flaming dedication Pettit brings to his profession, which spurs him to greater heights each year. Since his first pro season in 1955 he has been a first-team All-Star; he has led the St. Louis Hawks in both scoring and rebounding and, along the way, he has overcome every rival attempt to keep him from putting the ball through the hoop consistently. For a preview of what a nationwide television audience will see in the All-Star Game next Friday (Jan. 23), turn the page.

CONTINUED



Long shot ahead of Peter by Andy Foy's teammate, Mike Foyner. No. 8, better ball, gets out to point. 1, 2.



Big Peter, No. 19, puts out a long drive in backcourt. 3, 4. As cut of Peter's release, was a basketed basket.



Still effectively blocking Foyner with his body (7), Peter releases ball, which ends 8: in perfect arc over the rim.



Yoh-Lee Pettit protects the ball with G. Lundy and others. 3. Group Fitzner's shot Carl Rogers. No. 10 is the referee.



Lundy's shot, Pettit goes in. Fitzner's outstretched hand (a) and both generally in toward front row of keep.



Fallou Pettit's teammate Cliff Rogers (No. 10) through full sequence as he gets into position for possible rebound.



Alonzo puts his defense into Kenny Davis. No. 15, Pettit was close path to open, couldn't handle it. 1, 2.



Outbreakers stop Niles Pettit nearly beyond reach of Ned Tuckelmann before he starts long for jump in.



Pettit again keeps mark of his body between his defensive men and the ball - 7 - and jumps high against backboard.



New Yorkam Parsons (No. 15), Pettit (No. 19), Brown (No. 1), and Glavin (No. 14) are all in position to steal ball.



As Pettit leaves, Pettit takes off with ball. He is instinctive effort by defense to block shot without committing foul.



Ball rebounds recently off backboard into basket. It is force of drive carries Pettit outside court baseline. He.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Meet the team: SAM FRY JR.

This is the third of a series introducing some of the players in the forthcoming World Bridge Championship.

ONE of contract's "hey wonders," Sam Fry Jr., won his first national championship when he was only 33. That was back in 1962. Today, he is one of the three seasoned veterans on our U.S. team that will meet Italy and Argentina for the World Championship in matches to be played at New York's Statler Hilton Hotel, beginning February 7.

Fry is a good partner for Harry Fishbein, with whom he will be paired throughout in our new scheme of playing the team as three fixed partnerships. He is sound and steady—but he is also brilliant in his own right, as convincingly shown by the following hand, which is both famous and his favorite.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (Declarer)	WEST	NORTH (Defender)	EAST
♠K	PASS	1♠	PASS
♥K	PASS	2 NO TRUMP	PASS
♦K	PASS	4♦	PASS
♣K	PASS	PASS	PASS

Fry and Fishbein use an artificial two-club bid to show a big hand; to them all other two bids are weak. North's two-diamond response announced weakness; South's two-heart bid showed his best suit; North's two no-trump bid was discouraging. South's three-club bid announced a second suit, and when North raised it was apparent that he must hold some distributional values causing him to prefer to reach for the game at clubs. This might have included a singleton heart, but South figured that at worst the six-club bid would hinge on a successful finesse in hearts.

A spade opening would have cooked South's goose, but West elected to lead a low diamond, giving Fry the opportunity for a highly deceptive play. Without any long huddle, he played dummy's queen of diamonds! East played the king, and Fry won the trick.

He entered dummy at once by leading to the club jack, taking only one trump lead in order to insure that East would have no opportunity to signal with a high spade. Then he dressed the heart 10. West took with the king and "cashed" the jack of diamonds for the setting trick. Only, of course, it didn't cash. South ruffed, drew the remaining trumps and discarded all of dummy's spades on his good hearts. North was able to trump declarer's spade 10 for the trick that won the slam.

Playing against expert opponents (the hand was dealt in a national pair championship), it is obvious ex post facto that the queen play from dummy is the only one that affords any chance to fool the opponents. It wouldn't work if East did not hold the king—but then neither would anything else. If dummy played low, whatever East played to force the ace would reveal that declarer could not hold the jack or the 10. So if West held the king of diamonds, he would not be naive enough to try to cash it when declarer had made no attempt to capture the first trick with dummy's queen. It would be obvious that South held a singleton, and the killing shift to a spade would be automatic.

Telling about the hand, Sam admits he was disappointed when his partner failed to congratulate him.

"But Fishy did better than that," Sam adds. "He started buttonholing people. When the game ended, no fewer than 10 players rushed up to congratulate me."

Maybe that's another reason why Fishbein and Fry have the kind of partnership that can turn a Cinderella team into—let's hope—1959's world champions.

EXTRA TRICK

When all the contestants are capable of correct play, the difference between winning and losing can be the ability to play deceptively.

ENR



Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER

Ski Coach, University of Denver

QUESTION: Can you really "Wedeln" in deep powder and breakable crust or should you go back to rotation style in such difficult snow conditions?

START
(PACKED SNOW)



1. START
(DEEP SNOW)



COMPARISON OF STYLES shows that in Wedeln (upper diagram) skis slip back and forth through the snow with only slight up-and-down motion. But the skier using rotation (lower diagram) must lift his skis almost clear of snow and put them back in hunched position.

DEEP-SNOW "WEDELN"

Not only can you Wedeln in powder and breakable crust, you should, because it is more efficient than rotation. The diagram at upper right shows why: in Wedeln, the skier slips through under the snow, rather than lifting and sinking each time as in rotation. In deep snow, the skier who is used to Wedeln on packed slopes must exaggerate his habitual slight forward bend of the knee (figure 1). To start deep-snow Wedeln, push knees well forward (figure 2) and incline strong forward and upward body lift needed to overcome the increased resistance in different snow. (Ski stay practically at same level.) The "up" position attained as skier crosses fall line (figure 3) is same for all types of snow. Final position for deep snow (figure 4) also has a deeper knee bend than the final position for packed slope skiing (figure 5), resulting in stronger heel push needed to swing through heavy snow or crust.

2. FALL LINE
(FOR BOTH CONDITIONS)



4. FINISH
(DEEP SNOW)

5. FINISH
(PACKED SNOW)



The glorious spud

There are many appetizing ways to prepare potatoes, a vegetable often mistreated

ON LOOKING INTO a volume recently acquired entitled *The Cook's Clerk*—it was published in New York in 1839, I read a dismal warning: "For one plate of potatoes that comes to table as it should, ten are spoiled." This dampening sentence conjures up memories of the "meat and veg" of small English hotels, the gray run-of-the-mills called *Kaischl* in Germany and the terrible greasy masses of potatoes and onions encountered on a cross-America motor trek.

No such thing should ever happen to the glorious, the indispensable, the life-nourishing spud! A casual run-through of any French work on cookery (think of *potatoes frites*, *potatoes sautées*, *potatoes purées*, etc.) will restore one's faith. So will any honest Idaho, nurtured on the outside by a loving hand before baking, pinched open, white, steaming and mealy, waiting for the salt, pepper and yellow pat of butter that will make it the perfect foil to roast beef.

Then there is the world-over deliciousness of new

potatoes, small golden marbles or russeted golf balls, boiled in their skins, anointed with butter and chopped parsley—a taste as fresh as the new grass of spring. M.F.K. Fisher once observed that almost every person has some secret thing he likes to eat. For me a greedy delight, furtively enjoyed, is leftovers of cooked new potatoes, sliced from the icebox, sliced, salted and peppered with coarse pepper, dotted with small lumps of cold butter and sprinkled with chives—a food for the gods at midnight with ice-cold milk.

L'art culinaire français, a modern volume on the ancient and present-day delights of *la cuisine*, states that there are more than 100 ways in which "apples of the earth" may be made pleasing to a gastronome. This is doubtless an understatement, at that. For there are dozens and dozens of things one can do even to plain mashed potatoes to make them different and appealing to the appetite. Today, all of these recipes—many of them classic dishes with fancy names—are easy to accomplish with the frozen mashed or "whipped" potatoes which are available countrywide and which I have found to be one of the most successful and rewarding of frozen products. Here are some ideas worth considering.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME OF MASHED POTATOES

Potatoes Colcannon: A fine Irish dish that varies somewhat from county to county but always entails a great mountain of mashed potatoes on the platter. It is traditionally served for supper on the first "St. Patty's Night," the one of All Saints' Day. In Galway the potatoes are beaten up with butterbilk and finely chopped raw onions, and a glob of butter is dropped into an indentation made with the back of a spoon on each individual serving. In other parts of Ireland, a great ball poured of butter is buried in a mound of potatoes a foot high, and slices of fried Irish bacon lean against the pile.

Potatoes au gratin with game and duck: Mashed potatoes mixed with one-third their quantity of celery-root purée.

Potatoes to complement a platter of hot sausage: Mashed potatoes mixed with half their quantity of cooked, finely chopped leek and/or other greens.

Potatoes duchesse: This rich preparation, used as a border, can make a chicken hawk or beef or veal stew the chef-d'œuvre of a party. For an easy way to prepare, follow the package directions for defrosting frozen mashed potatoes, but add only a little milk and whip in double the amount of butter called for on the package recipe. Then beat in, off the stove, two egg yolks for each package of potatoes used. Season with nutmeg, salt and pepper. The objective is a potato purée having such consistency that it can be squeezed easily through a pastry tube but will keep its shape when laid in swirles and swirls

to border a fireproof platter. After laying down this border, brush it with cream. Place the platter in a very hot oven for 5 to 10 minutes to turn the potato border golden-brown on top. Then fill the center with hot hawk or any other desired mixture and serve. For **potatoes mouffée**, follow the same directions but, before the potato purée is whorled on top of one another to form a mountain shape on a buttered ovenproof plate (or pie tin), brush with beaten egg; then bake for seven minutes to a deep even heat. This is a nice change from fried potatoes when serving steak.

Italian potato pie: A hearty dish which is almost a meal in itself, the following recipe serves six. Defrost two packages of frozen mashed potatoes according to the directions on the package, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk, whipping well. Whip in one table-spoon of butter and add, swirling. Thoroughly butter a 10-inch pie pan or shallow ovenproof dish. Sprinkle the pan evenly with a lining of bread crumbs. On top of this spread half of the mashed potatoes. Take $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of ham or mortadella, thinly sliced, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of Gruyère or Swiss cheese, thinly sliced, and cut into small squares. Arrange the squares on top of the potatoes, together with three eggs which have been beaten six minutes, shelled and cut into quarters. Cover with the rest of the mashed potatoes. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and top with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of melted butter. Cook 20 minutes in a 400° oven.

Photograph by Anne DeWolfe



A piece of his pride

Ken Venturi's blazing finish in the L.A. Open helped erase that bitter Masters memory

IT WAS the final day of the year's first golf event on Los Angeles' Renccho municipal course. The stands were strutting in, tan and gray, giving promise of the torrential rain which would soak the homeward-bound by nightfall, and Professional Ken Venturi's disposition was as foul as the weather. "I never talk golf before teeing off, and afterward I might not feel like it either," he snapped to an inquiring newsmen.

Afterward, however, it was hard to shut up the ebullient Venturi. For by then he had completed one of the remarkable rounds of tournament golf, the best he himself has ever shot—a hair-raising 63 which brought him from eight strokes off the pace to a two-stroke winner of the L.A. Open and a running start in the chase for PGA's Golden-in-Year trophy.

While the victory was popular with most of the spectators, triumphant gallery which stormed in Venturi's wake around the 11th 7,120-yard course, there was at least one gallery to it who watched with growing horror as the thirty-seven-year-old man drilled home 45-foot putts or slammed two-irons to within 10 inches of the cup and chipped eight-irons dead to the pin on the rare occasions when he missed a green with his woods and long irons. The dismayed spectator was a friend of Goller Art Wall Jr., who had started two-day-long strokes in front of young Venturi but who had slipped a stroke behind when he made the turn after No. 9.

When a final eight-foot birdie putt was dropped by Venturi on the 14th, it was clear that Art Wall, still out with the course, would no longer play a five-, six- or big putt game and probably take lead. The crowd watched it off to tell him. The summer came, finally, at the approach to the 13th green, a 300-yard monument of bad

luck where Art Wall had just pulled his approach a little to the wrong side of the green. "Art," confided the desperate crowd, clanking at the golfer's elbow, "that man won the clubhouse with a 63. You've got to shoot a 70 to beat him." Since 70 is one under par at Renccho and Art Wall at that precise moment was one over, the words were startling. "That's just the news I was expecting," snapped Wall bitterly. "That's just swell. Well, I guess it'll make a lot of people happy." He stalked up the bagroom. "Well," he slung back benignly, "maybe we can send one



RUSH ON CHALK (above) Goller Art Wall Jr. teamed, together with elbow, for 89, 89.

something about it. There's still some golf left."

And Wall tried manfully. On the next hole, he snapped an iron over four and a half feet from the pin and guttily slammed the putt right in the middle of the hole. For a few minutes he was even with Venturi and had only to par in to force a playoff. But would-be second hole-in-one failed to do him on No. 15, where a four-iron missed by an arm, the No. 16, Wall hit his drive under a tree, forcing him to roll a five-iron up to the green, which he dragged the ground all the way like a 100-yard putt, one of the truly brilliant trouble shots of the tourna-

ment. Yet No. 17, a 210-yard terror which was tried by only a handful of golfers throughout the tourney, ended Wall. His second was short, to the right and down a scale. Wall was sure he'd hit right hole, right side for the hole. His ball slipped out, drilled for the pin and, when it missed, rocketed past the flag into a virtually unobtainable putt lie.

Wall had two life for second shot, 290 to Venturi's 250 and later looked pretty much like Ken Venturi was happy in the press room telling the reporters his plans to watch Masters and the National Open and another major tournament at 50 to 70 in the coming week. He snipped up more when a TV set in the corner began to play back the video tape of his hole-in on No. 18. "But you 100 to 1 he makes three?" croaked him.

Actually, a pair of eagles back to back on Nos. 8 and 9 accounted for Venturi's extraordinary round. Just as a bad shot can infer a whole round like a gem in a body, a pair of good shots can act as a miracle antibiotic; and Venturi's feat of shaving four strokes off par in two holes undoubtedly eased whatever had been troubling his swing. It never occurred to him that throughout the remainder of the round the ball would go anywhere except in the hole as he chipped, wedged from tee to green, playing almost semiautomatic golf. His \$5,000 winner's check was added to by a \$3,000 bonus from U.S. Rubber, whose golf ball he was playing.

Ask him these bits of tidbits rewards there was another immensely valuable bounty attaching to this victory. As Venturi reminded his locker room mates, "I'll never forget," he said, "how I was overtaken eight strokes by Jack Burke in the 1954 Masters. The Los Angeles Open gave me back a piece of my pride."

Off in a corner, quietly observing the Venturi victory tableau, Art Wall leaned against a post. Suddenly he spotted himself on someone's television set in the 13th hallway. "Stinks, don't feel bad," he called out. "Somebody was bound to tell me sooner or later. There was just nothing I could do about it." A newsmen, adding the byplay, asked, "Art," he asked curiously, "think about it" like the press want to know exactly how they stand? Or does it put too much pressure on them?"

Wall looked at his questioner on his questioner. "I would rather not know," he answered simply. **END**



Tip from the Top

FRED HAWKINS, El Paso, TX, Texas

Head position on trap shots

MY play from sand traps, which bothered me for a good long time, has improved a great deal since I began to make it a point to position my head behind the ball and keep it there.

Before that, when I had my head set almost over the ball, there was too much weight on my left side—which in turn brought on two errors, both of them bad and costly. The first error was that I would hit down too abruptly on the ball. I'd dig the blade in deep and sometimes leave the ball still lying in the trap. The second error that grew out of having the weight too far forward was that I would sometimes dig into the sand too far behind the ball. More than once I restarted the sand a full four inches behind the ball. When you dig in that far behind, you'll get blade action (which is the last thing you want on a sand shot) and you'll hit the ball much too far.

When you set your head definitely and surely behind the ball, it has the effect of distributing your weight equally on both feet. For another thing, when you keep your head anchored behind the ball, I think it gives you a better and longer look at the spot in the sand behind the ball you are aiming to hit. I hope you will go out and try this suggestion, for I believe it is a genuine shortcut to becoming a sounder bunker player.



Above: incorrect—head too far forward
At right: correct—head behind the ball

NEXT WEEK: The 10 mistakes you're making behind the ball



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Here's why it was THE BEST

High drama, nerve-twanging tension and great athletes performing at their best created a classic of sports history when the Colts beat the Giants for the world championship

drawn by ROBERT RIGER

Art by Tex Maule

NOT ONE who saw the Baltimore Colts win the world professional football championship from the New York Giants by 24-17 on Dec. 28 '58, Jan. 3, will ever forget the game—and some 50 million people did watch, in person or on television. The classics of the pretelevision era have been perpetuated only in the minds of the spectators on hand and by the newspaper accounts; this, for the first time, was a truly epic game which inflamed the imagination of a national audience.

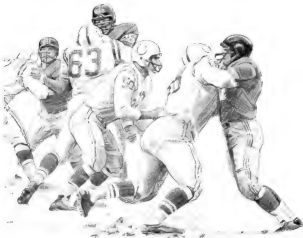
The principal catalyst of excitement was a lanky, crew-cut rascall quarterback named John Unitas, who operated the wonderfully prodigious Baltimore team with the cool *swing-fried* of a cardsharp. Of course, he was far from the whole show. A magnificent Baltimore offensive line blocked savagely all afternoon; a myopic end named Ray Berry, who wears contact lenses, caught 12 passes, most of them unbelievably; and a thick-set full-back named Alan Ameche thundered into the goal-line defense with an impact often visible over the continuing roar of the crowd. Later, reflecting on the biggest day in his life, Unitas said, "You have to gamble or die in this league. I don't know if you can call something controlled gambling, but that's how I look at my play-calling. I'm a little guy, comparatively, that's why I gamble. It doesn't give those giants a chance to bury me."

No one buried Unitas in this very nearly perfect game, and his controlled gambling brought victory. Here are details of how and why the Colts won.



Key to nearly impossible Colt blocking was perfect job tackle Jim Parker (77) did on Giants' star end, Andy Robustelli (81). "Granted I was played against," said Robustelli, who couldn't get past Parker.

FOOTBALL GAME EVER



"Any time I was hit there would be strong pressure and sharp," says Coach (penned) Jack Frazier. He had five three seconds with time to pass in this game. Behind the strong blocking pattern, Parker (77) took Robustelli (81); tackle George Press (80) was on Jim Katsenper (75), the other Great end, Art Spinary (68) and Alex Sandusky (68), the full guards, handled Great Tackles Jack Hodge (64) and other Press. You can't forget the 76. So the great game was the Baltimore blocking that time and again Tackles was able to wait well over his three seconds before throwing a pass and very often he had a clear field if he chose to run.



CONTINUED

FIRST QUARTER

In the early testing and probing the Colts failed to score, but two developments affected their eventual victory. First, a long pass to Halfback Lenny Moore established him as the Colts' most dangerous receiver, so the Giants assigned two men to him, sometimes covering Berry with only one man, a fatal mistake. Second, a Colt field goal was blocked when Spawny turned out instead of in, leaving Linebacker Sam Huff a clear route. This was corrected when they kicked the game-tying last-second field goal. Late in the quarter a 38-yard field goal by Pat Swannell gave the Giants a 3-0 lead.



Moore (25) makes a leaping catch of Lardner's pass on the Giants' 40 as defensive Halfback Andrew Crow (47) barely misses deflecting the ball. Play made Giants go 40, set up later completion to Berry, which won the game.



The blocked run which set up New York field goal, Halfback Frank Gifford (16) is tipped off by near miss by Colt Linebacker Halfback Hal Hunter. Last play, Crow and Gifford possibly reached down, as Giants settled for field goal.



Halfback Alex Webster, in the clear deep in Colt territory on some drive, slips as receiver's heavily pressed man has head. Huff is shown by his jersey, play would probably have been a touchdown. This was the following point of first ball.

SECOND QUARTER

The great pass-protection blocking of the Colt line became clearly apparent now, and it became apparent, too, that two players who had been keys to the Giant success were off form. Frank Gifford, carrying the ball like a load of brass, fumbled twice, and the Colts recovered both; Roosevelt Grier, the anchor of the Giant defensive line, was too crippled to be effective. Lardner's fancy play-selection kept the Giant defense scrambling and, with the line unable to break through the Colt blockers, the Giant secondary could not cope with the varied Baltimore pass patterns. Two Colt touchdowns now brought them a 14-0 lead.



Lardner's desperate play-calling shows here. First play, he calls a fullback dash off tackle. Giant Halfback Jim Parker (20) stopping Amos (22). Three of four plays he calls he loses, thanks to Berry, 32, as Parker makes defensive stop.



First Colt touchdown came on simple wedge as Amos, followed by running back by Parker (77) from ten yards out. Parker blocked Grier (76), the big Giant tackle, back two yards on three play and it was clear then that Grier, who had been wonderful during the regular season, was too slow to be useful to Giants in this game.

THIRD QUARTER

The Giant defense, which had leaked in the first half, changed the complexion of the game with a great effort which denied the Colts a touchdown in four tries from the Giant three-yard line. Later, when the Colts lost the toss in the overtime period, Coach Weeb Ewbank, given his choice of goals to defend, decided to defend this same goal, taking the wind in the face of his team in order to make sure the footing would be good should Baltimore penetrate inside the Giant 20. Ewbank felt that the poor footing at the west end of the field had helped the Giants stop the Colts; in the overtime period, Amazeo had no trouble getting traction at the east end of the field. Now, early in the third period, the stand gained a strong Giant fully good for two touchdowns. The first of these at the end of the quarter cut the Colts' lead to 14-10.



An Colts' start early in period. Red Don Mutschler made a fine catch of a perfect pass. The ball and Giants' Pat Parker hit Mutschler at the same moment.



Parker, who played a strong game on defense for the Giants, sends Moore (84) out of bounds on the Giant five, setting up good line shot on next play.



Foster (28) shows study at the Giant five on a quarterback sack (above), one of four plays inside Giant three-yard line which failed. Amazeo carried the ball on other three plays but found the tight-packed Giant defense impenetrable, the footing not good enough for his power running. Even so, on the final play of the series, a wide punt by Amazeo, the Colt fullback might have gone in for the touchdown except for a fine effort by Giant linebacker Cliff Lattimore, who batted through the Baltimore line and batted Amazeo down from behind for a four-yard line which gave the Giants the ball.

Red Kyle (66) a step ahead of Moore (20), makes a long pass. He fumbled on the Colt 25-yard line but Alie Webster, who played well last time, and revved the play for 62 yards, picked up the fumble and went to Colt one, setting up the Red Giant touchdown. Play covered 94 yards, surprisingly demoralized the Colts.



CONTINUED



FOURTH QUARTER

The trend set by the Giants' defensive effort in the third period lasted until only two minutes were left. The Colts had played technically perfect football before, but now, with time running out, they looked to the confused and nearly helpless. The Giants scored easily as the quarter began. Quarterback Charley Conerly (42) throwing off a fake reverse which broke End Hal Schnelker loose for a 44-yard pass to the Colt 15, Wellington Mara, Giants' secretary, had taken some Polaroid camera pictures of the first half, which showed that the Colts overshifted their secondary to the right when the Giants were strong right, and Conerly threw on the next play to Gifford to the left and the Giants were ahead 17-14. For a brief moment it looked like enough—but the Colts rallied.



The long pass to Schnelker (85) (left) set up the Giant score. Off the fake reverse, the rule changed, Ken MacAfee (60) stalled to bring a halfback in, Schnelker deep. This Conerly pass was completely behind Left Safety Andy Nelsen, but he caught Schnelker from behind. Then, with the Colts confused, Gifford had only to beat Star Njoku (63), the linebacker, to get loose on a short pass, which he did to score the go-ahead touchdowns.



Giants defense again. Huff (upper left), Moderski (upper right), and Nelsen (left) take turns damping Luster. For a change, Dwyer was out on the outside.



INCHES FROM VICTORY

It was third and four with the clock running out. The Giants lined up in a balanced T and Conerly called a sweep to the right. A first down here would almost surely have meant victory. Gifford swung to his right, trying to go around the mighty Colt End Gino Marchetti (89). Marchetti fought off Schnelker, moving to the sideline; then, when Gifford cut in, Marchetti lunged awkwardly away from Schnelker's block, got his hands on Gifford and slowed him. Tackle Gene Lipscomb (76) piled on and the impact broke Marchetti's ankle, but it stopped Gifford inches away from the vital first down.



The Giants had to punt. Don Chandler, owner of the best and a mixed fourth-down try would have left the Colts in range of a tying field goal to the Giant 43. Second strategy.



TIME AND TIED

With about seven minutes to go, Upton quickly recovered 53 yards to field-goal range. The Giants, worried about a long kick to Moore, gave away the short pass, and Upton threw three times to the line end, a three-yard gain. Three passes good for 82 yards. Now Berry had one last chance to make the play count for

more yardage by superb running. His second completion (where), made on a spectacular flying catch, was good for a first down on the Giant 31, and his third carried to the Giant 13 with only seconds to play. No offensive end in history ever made three more important plays; they won a championship.



Three-line passers behind put the Colts into the sudden-death period. All went to Berry. Upton caught the passing of Berry into end Halbrook. A. G. Dwyer, left, first attempt to confuse the Giant defense. On the first pass Berry took one step to his left, then broke to over the center as Dwyer's headband swung round over his shoulder. Upton, the center, pulled over to Dwyer's right. Dwyer, playing deep, on the second play Berry and Carter took Carl Karlitz (11) over on Berry, but

Berry had to leave Berry to pick up Dwyer swinging wide to the left. Berry took three steps downfield, then cut into the territory needed by Berry, and Upton hit him before Karlitz could cover. On the third pass, which set up the field goal, Berry ran five strides straight down toward American. Berry's headband to catch Carl Karlitz (11) swung round over his shoulder to pick up Dwyer, and Berry, as Berry moved away, looked in front of Karlitz to catch the pass, then again broke down to the Giant 13-yard line.



CONTINUED

QUICK, STRAIGHT KICK

With only seconds left, the Colts did not buckle before this tying field goal by Myhra. The field-goal team knuckled in: Guard Spinney, who had turned the wrong way on the blocked field goal in the first quarter, remembered and cut off the route up the middle, and Myhra rather calmly kicked the 28-yard field goal which sent the game into a sudden-death overtime. The clock showed seven seconds to play when the referee raised his hands, but time had run out for New York.

SUDDEN DEATH

... AND



Now, for the first time in the history of football, a game would be decided in a sudden-death overtime. Ulinis made his only bad call of the day on the flip of the coin (above) with Giant co-captains Kyle Rose (right) and linebacker Bill Svoroboda. So the Giants chose to receive the kickoff. And now the gallant, season-long effort of this courageous team finally foundered. You felt, watching the Giants' last three offensive plays following the kickoff return, that this wonderful team had run out of gas. Gifford gained four yards, and then, with Schnelker breaking away deep enough for a first-down pass, Conerly missed him. With third down and six yards to go, Conerly tried to pass again, but the Colt secondary blanketed his receivers and the 25-year-old quarterback ran for it. He came close, too, running hard outside the Colt right end, but he was hit first by linebacker Bill Felleguas as he neared a first down and then by Middle Guard Don Shinnick, the second tackle coming in from the side and slewing his body suddenly sideways, killing his forward momentum and bringing him to a stop only a foot short of the first down. The rest of the overtime belonged to the Colts; they were now the better, fresher team, and their winning drive had an inexorable quality.



Had this pass been accurate, the Giants might have won. Conerly faked a draw play, pulling linebackers in, and Schnelker streaked not too deep, getting close; but Conerly's pass was off. Schnelker here makes tremendous diving leaps for ball but is just short.

SEVENTH PLAY

The great Colt blocking and a Giant slip kept Baltimore moving. With third and 12, Ulinis (19) called for a pass to the right to Moore, but Leroy was covered. Robinson held upon inside, trying to get away from Parker, but the big Colt tackle batted him up. When Ulinis looked to his left, the Giant line had been moving away from him so that he had time to see Leroy (82) coming deep, and stopped. Leroy caught the pass, whirled away from Karlsruer, and carried to a very important first down for the Colts. The play was called from a formation used for the first time in the game—a slot right, with Moore the slot back.



EIGHTH PLAY



Ulinis here took advantage of the hard-charging Modzelewski (77). "He was blowing in too fast to suit me." Art Spinney (66) cut across behind center, felled Mac with a great trap block; George Press (80) cut off Huff (70), who was playing too deep, and America was swinging for 25 yards.



11TH PLAY



Ulinis (19) calls for a fullback slant off right tackle. America (24) took a step inward right tackle but saw daylight in the middle and cut in, but Huff (70) slipped away from Ross Nutter (20), the Colt center, and Modzelewski (77) cut in from the side to close the hole for one-yard gain.

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SPEEDSHIPS



RECENT that a New York boat show, the 25th of Century Boat Fairing, will launch off a grand cruise to the Bay, which will also include cruises to the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the Pacific Ocean. The boat show, which is the largest of its kind in the world, will also feature a large display of the latest in boat technology, including the latest in boat design, construction, and equipment.

Boating Keeps Bounding Along

THE U.S. is well on its way into a new era of boating—the boom, as boaters call it. One out of every seven households will have a boat by the time this year's boat-buying spree is over, a spree which traditionally starts with the January boat shows. The venerable New York show, January 16 to 24, will have all the boats shown on these pages, plus some 150 more and is expected to easily attract

crowds larger than last year's 339,000 and to produce sales higher than last year's \$22,400,000. In all, the citizens of the U.S. will spend well over \$2 billion on all boating in 1976, and even the spending, investment firms that are banking money, has declared itself to be on the trend—almost half of the boats bought in 1975 will, by August, be the early realization of a long-awaited second series return.

Other signs of the times: architects are designing new garages with boat-parking space; communities are building parking lots and launching facilities with tax money and commercial clearing centers have started to build on-the-spot living facilities. Someone has even coined a word for these darkened areas: "boaters' paradise." The 1976 may become known as the decade of the satellite and the boat.

TURN PAGE FOR MORE BOATS

TOUGHEST hull in New York show, the 25th of Century Boat Fairing, will launch off a grand cruise to the Bay, which will also include cruises to the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the Pacific Ocean.



SPORTS boat show, the 25th of Century Boat Fairing, will launch off a grand cruise to the Bay, which will also include cruises to the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the Pacific Ocean.



高麗參(高麗人參)

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support



3 ways you can lead the fleet

[illegible]

feel it cutting corners like a knife. Well, you've got a head, not just a hanger... and don't settle for anything less. Way ahead—way more... *enough*. *Enough* plays as if the author knows exactly what he or she's doing. There isn't a wasted word or cliché here. I have had to re-read... Inevitably, supply... for years and years of pure pleasure. Write for complete literature and specialists on each foot of land.

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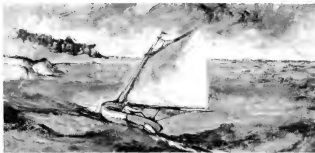
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"There is no doubt a certain amount of sailing, but most later in life, as a hobby, not a job." —J.

In Defense of Buying Boats

In every man, the author holds, there is inevitably a deep and sensible urge to own a boat

by **RUSSELL HOBAN** Illustrations by the author

MANs things change, and our lives grow old; day runs on unplanned, but some things never change. A child of 6, looking for sand crabs and starfish at low water, works his toes into the wet sand and leans over his little black-rimmed shadow in an attitude that is timeless, and when a full-grown and very tired man, pale and doped-out, takes off his shoes and walks with the child, his shambling gesture repeats, statistically, that of the child.

Life began in the sea, and the leap tides and the spring tides run wet in us whether we know it or not, and on that inner tide in all of us rocks gently at her mooring the boat that we will own, now or later, soon or some day. The moment the boat comes to us may, eventually, and usually endures for the rest of his life. It is a fantasy that persists even when it recedes into

the heart of the labyrinth that is our daily life, so that even when we have carefully developed the financial and mechanical symphonies between sell and jobs, mortgages, home appliances and automobiles, it is there in its simplicity, at the center.

My first attempt to realize the sailboat fantasy was in 1947, and my ownership was partial, agonized and brief. It was a small, nondescript lapstrake sailboat and the asking price was \$150. With very little hesitation a friend and I put down a \$20 deposit and prepared for our first sail. The waters were open from three seasons on the beach and the rigging was rotten, but we soaked the boat in the water for a few hours to tighten her up. Having spent years at an imaginary tiller while reading nautical books (whence all my detailed knowledge of water soaking), I looked

confidently at the whitecaps and the gray squall coming out of the north-west, leaped in and shoved off. "Listen, Ernie," I said, "you handle the phaul and I'll steer. Just watch the boom when I come about."

The boat, now about a hundred yards offshore, had six inches of water in the bilge, which became seven, then eight, and she sailed a little sluggishly, I thought.

"Ready about?" I shouted, as the boom rapped noisily on the head and the boat heeled like a felled one. "Trim ship, Ernie," I snapped, and abandoned the tiller to trim ship also, for the boat lay on her side with the sail in the water. By standing on the outboard and leaning, we righted her and had the boom sensation of sailing again (re about 40 seconds in a flat tub of water, which we eased her stably, so that instead of heeling sharply she rolled over gently as the next gust split the sail. So we swung toward the beach towing the boat until a motor cruiser took our painter and removed our embarrassment from the local jangling scene.

Later, while we sat on the sand

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arguing with our wives, a little sailboat came running in. I think it was a Snipe. The jib was down, and the man at the tiller smoked his pipe in a remarkably offhand manner as the boat flew toward the dock. Scarcely looking, he put the tiller down, rounded up into the wind on a tack from the dock, stopped off to feed of the boat, dropped the mainsail, and stood up. It was all over before I could blink. It made me feel sad and numb to watch him, and we paid the dockage and went home leafless.

The image of this smart sailor, reluctantly sharp in my memory, kept me humble for more than 10 years, the humility fading as it was replaced by overweight and the shortness of limbs and money that characterize the estimating wage earner and home owner, the father of three children and the provider for a household full of teeth.

I continued to read *Sloopers* every year, and in the sweet summer of 1958 I again bought a boat, sensibly and parsimoniously. Some may agree the use of the word sensibly, but I bought that first true-toos business was at its worst, since I had started free-lancing and had given up the security of a job and a regular income. There was very little money in the bank, nothing of the way and no definite prospects. I had been reconciled to the fact that I could not buy a boat this season, and a little resentful of having paid the price of a small boat. It takes most a home improvement in the last three years. "It's all right," I told my wife, "I'll just go look at the outboard in town at Levin's. No. Now, let's have and see what he wants for it, and maybe, if that big campaign comes through with the full color double-page spreads, we'll buy it. Of course, we'll talk it over first. Naturally."

And with that I drove to the gas station, where the boat sat on its trailer. It was a 13-foot mahogany-planked rig of the Heisterkamp, built in Germany by Akerberg and Rasmussen. Every piece of wood was beautifully joined and fitted, and instead of the magnolia skin that the American Beetles, there was a beautifully carved rose of sparsely banded. The power window, the back door, the main sail, cockpit cover, transducer and mounting base, and a three-hundred-pound outboard motor. She was neatly painted and as smooth as glass. She



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was, I need not tell you, an empty thing.

I thought, the boat's only 32 feet long. How can it look so big? And then I realized that some good boats look big because they are superior to the sea. I touched the tiller and ran my hand over the cockpit cushions, and I knew I was pale and my forehead felt clammy, and I said, "She's a beautiful boat. I'll buy her." It was the most sensible thing to do, and I have not regretted it.

How do you define superior boats?



"I'm going to tell you what I think. The best boat is the one that is the most useful."

To stay out of trouble? To save our money and pay our bills? To look before we leap? I submit that there is a deeper emotion here that has no justification except that it keeps us alive and knowing that we survive. Nowadays, when a man feels very good, he wants to make an expression that I do not remember having as a child; he will say, "I'm really living," which would indicate that there are times when it is less than certain of this vital fact. People used to say that they were living in a great big way, or worse, but now what they want is to *live*. Now it is a little harder to know that we are alive and that life is to be lived, harder to know who we are and what we are.

A small sailboat is only a little last-

—H. L. Hunt



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ON BUYING BOATS continued

or, with sufficient wind, than an ocean, and this is a time of jet planes and rockets. The jet planes and the rockets are part of us when we think of what we are and what we can do. We can fly faster than sound; we can smash cities and leap into space. We are curious and restless, and the world is little and life is just one thing after another in a big hurry. But this is a collective fever and a delusion, and there is a remedy for it. In the sea you can find the remedy.

A man in a boat requires his sense of scale, knows how big the sea is, and he remembers who and what he is.

In a boat, we become whole again, and the driving frustrations of our lives that whirl about us daily become concentrated in us. All of us is here in the boat, the wind is over the sailboat and freshening, the tide is high and the current is running from east to west, and we account for the keening, moaning cry off from the mooring and beat-up the entrance channel, taking toward Hamdland, where we shall have a picnic and a swim and look for shells and starfish with the children, and there is more of the world and life than there ever was before.

There is the pleasant cunning of making the wind take us where we want to go, and there are charts to read, with their soundings and buoys and markers and the tide tables, and the tidal current tables, and the tidal current charts, and knots and splices to learn. The children duck their heads without being told now when the boom swings around, and they identify the buoys with pride. We stuff the wind and watch the weather, pick our way through the islands with a map in the cockpit and away the rougher weather sometimes when the thunderheads stand over Westport and the wind is at 13 mph. The waves when the boat, sleek suddenly between Clinton and Hamdland when the tidal current is at maximum strength) look very big from a little boat in the sea.

We run back before the wind, put the tiller down and round up the mooring buoy as smartly as did the smart sailor of 10 years ago. And at night we walk outside and feel the breeze and look at the moon and know that it is a spring tide or a neap tide, and the tide made us in the same, and, rocking gently at her mooring, is the boat, the boat that is really ours, and now.

END



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THE 13 PLAYS TO GLORY



12TH PLAY



Yulish catches the Giants off-balance with a completely unorthodox call—a dangerous pass to Matichuk (81), which, had it been intercepted, might have meant a Giant touchdown. I actually left the ball high over Cliff Lingo (19), a perfectly drawn pass which carried to the New York one.

13TH PLAY



The same play as the 12th, but the Giants are in a goal-line defense, closing the middle. Two great blocks, by Holsheimer on Lingo, the corner linebacker, and by Moore (24) on Halfback Ernie Tamm (45), coming up from secondary, opened a gaping hole outside tackle for Yulish.

SUMMARY

Yulish' play selection and execution in his drive to victory was nearly perfect: his key calls let him direct his team as steadily as if he were on the practice field. The drive itself was a blend of the ingredients which make pro football such a heart-wrenching drama for the spectator: some luck and the precise implementation by a great team of the inspirational leadership of a quarterback who ranks with the best in the history of the pro game. It was just the right drama for the best game of football ever played.

CONTINUED

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19TH HOLE The readers take over

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Sir:

Rader Johnson is truly the Sportsman of the Year. St. Jan. 1. Great men, such as Sugar Ray, Volodya, Willie Mays, Herb Elliott, Bob Fosse, Frankie Gonzales, Ashley Cooper, Jimmy Brown, Steve Danolis, Johnny Unitas, Dickie Moore and many others had to be passed up, but Johnson deserved it.

DAN HARRISON

Hartshole, N.Y.

Sir:

There could be no other choice, as far as I can see. How can you vote against a man who is the greatest athlete in the world and, at the same time, student-body president of one of this country's great universities? He is a worthy successor to Stan Musial.

ALBERT KAMINSKI

Los Angeles

Sir:

Johnson deserves more than recognition and more than admiration. He deserves respect.

MICHAEL TOMLINSON

San Francisco

Sir:

The smartest should have gone to Charles D. Rangel. Here is a small list of his major accomplishments in 1958:

1. Won the All-Star Game in Baltimore under extreme pressure in the Yankees' batting order of fans.
2. Completed, baffled, earned and double-buffed a Senate subcommittee.
3. Won the American League pennant, despite a horridly second-half performance by his team.
4. Won the World Series after being behind three games to one.

Now, gentlemen, I'm sorry O'Casey's throw a javelin 228 feet, but, nevertheless, this was Casey's year. Baseball owes a great deal to him. Indeed, it would be extremely dull without him.

CATHERINE CLARK

Redding, Calif.

Sir:

While not wishing to detract from Rader Johnson's fine performance, I must express my thoughts again.

Surely Herb Elliott's splendid brilliant performance give him a stronger hold on the award; but if not, what of John Kennedy? Here is a lad barely in his teens, who overcame odds to completely rewrite the inevitable swimming record book during the past year.

Kerry Kennedy's sportsmanlike throughout the year will consider the obvious as an attempt to regain some of America's lost prestige in the world of athletics. To down at the expense of Herb Elliott, who has given the world its most exciting year

of track events, or Kennedy, who has done likewise in the swimming pools, must appear to your readers as cheap and unfair.

Kindly named my subscription.

LAS HARRINGTON

Montreal

NOTRE DAME: L'AFFAIRE BRENNAN

Sir:

The firing of Notre Dame's Terry Brennan, *discussant* Notre-Dame, 31, Jan. 1, is a symptom of overemphasized football. We are in an age where education must be recognized as vital to our very existence, but I don't see colleges announcing with big headlines that they have "retired" an eminent professor or "presumably" outstanding high school student-treatment their school's lack of education and football into their present fables.

I note that Coach Kahanek wants "dedicated men." How about a few dedicated science students?

There is nothing I enjoy more than a good football game, but let's keep it from becoming a national disgrace.

W. R. CRUMPELL

India

Sir:

For shame, Notre Dame.

C. THOMSON-JONES

Roses, Conn.

Sir:

I cannot agree that the dismissal of Terry Brennan equals an academic surrender. Is the school expected to retain a coach who does not meet top standards? I think no more so than a history professor would be retained who is incapable.

Kindly named my subscription.

FRANK C. AUSTON

Notre Dame, Ind.

Arlington, Va.

Sir:

The Irish don't mind losing an occasional one or two, Oklahoma, yes, even SMU. However, when they become the dominant of the Big Ten, now Brennan's record against Purdue, Michigan State and Iowa—something's gotta give.

Terry, hang in there boys to practice.

EDWARD MURPHY

Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

I contend that the dismissal case was not because of a failure to attain a certain win-loss record or to realize a certain attendance figure, but primarily because of a feeling that victories at Notre Dame in the past few years have not been commensurate with material.

Aside from individual award-winners, these are the main arguments advanced by those defending Brennan's dismissal:

1. Brennan's best two years were the first two, during which time he was working with the remnants of the Lashby regime, Submar 17 13 and 32 18 and what have you?

2. As large as the 1956 team was, eight defeats and 0-40 scores were still too much, considering the opposition and the raw football material available.

3. Notre Dame's attack in the past few years has been largely unimpressive, and most of the same plays have been used with repeated lack of success year after year.

4. Many players of demonstrated ability have been erratically used under Coach Reichen: anyone familiar with recent Irish personnel will be quick to mention George Fox, Norm Odgren, Frank Reynolds and Jim Jones.

But the present argument is this: How can one school contribute fifty players of the quality of Heismanite, Riley, O'Brien, Williams, Robinson, Tuti, Webster, Nagurski and Schaub to post-season bowl games leading behind at least four defeats, numerous loss, streaks, Mack and Sells etc., and yet manage to look so successful on the football field as Notre Dame did in 1958, especially this past year?

I don't think the university is 50% as open as blame for its actions as the nation's sportsmen are for occasionally losing this incident out of all proportion. To me, knowledge, must have been used as a defense of the administration's actions by the student body as a result of regarding this situation.

ROBERT LUTHER

Notre Dame, Ind.

● For the administration's own rebuttal see page 16.—E.H.

SKATING: THE PAINFUL ART

Sir:

It was a sad day indeed when I read *The Journal of Figure Skating*, 31, Dec. 22. I have been skating for over 18 years, almost every day, and without any mishaps. I have always skated with my knees bent, leaning slightly forward on my right skate. After reading your article with the instructions to keep one's back straight as in walking, I went skating with the intention of following your instructions because, after all, you are experts. Unfortunately, one minute caught in a rut, and not being bent forward, I was unable to stop myself from dipping over backward, first hitting my back, slowly, and then crashing my head on the ice.

Now, please explain. How does one keep from falling over backwards if one's skates curve or dip when one's back is straight? I am of the opinion that it is better to fall forward on one's knees than backward on one's head. I write this after

speeding three days in bed recuperating from this fall.

Mrs. LEO HARROW
Huntington Station, N.Y.

• Our profound sympathy, but a straight back shouldn't have caused Mrs. Harrow to tip over backward if she had kept the skating knee well bent and the weight of the body directly over the skating foot.—ED.

VIEW FROM THE HOT SEAT Sine

During one of my political campaigns, a lady, who had seen my photograph in my campaign literature, approached me and said: "Really, you look worse than your picture."

Referring to Commissioner Felo Napier's *Man to Save Baseball* (SI, Dec. 22, p. 65), I think the remark could very fairly and justly be reversed. I not only did not recognize myself, but many friends have called to say that they never would have recognized me, either. Feeling that there must be some mistake—that it's a couple of other fellows—I am enclosing a photograph of myself which I would like you to use in a forthcoming issue, indicating that the prior picture in your magazine was used in error.

EMANUEL CELLER
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.



INQUIRER CELLER



STATESMAN CELLER

• The imposed picture of which Congressman Celler complains was taken by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Photographer John Zimmerman and for better or worse is the view from the witness chair.—ED.

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Pat on the Back



FARIDA A. WILEY

'Most come to love it'

Many people think bird watchers are funny. Bird watchers are used to this but nevertheless do not like it because most bird watchers are serious, unromantic people to whom the observation of nature and birds is a physical and intellectual challenge. Bird watchers get up early and walk great distances for disinterested reasons; this makes bird watching a sport—almost. "If people ever get initiated into bird watching, most come to love it," says Farida Wiley, who can prove her point by looking back on 25 years of bird and nature walks that she has conducted in New York's Central Park.

Miss Wiley, a lifelong ornithologist and honorary assistant at the Museum of Natural History, began her

program in 1944, and it was a success from the start. Central Park is an 840-acre oasis of shrubs, trees, lakes and a bird sanctuary in the middle of Manhattan. Despite the city's soot and noise (and the park commissioner's persistent efforts to cement over unspoiled areas for shuffleboard addicts and parking lots), some 240 kinds of birds pass through in season. The group above, led by Miss Wiley, spotted bluejays, warblers, grackles, a female cardinal and a white-breasted nuthatch. In these winter weeks there are few resident birds, but Miss Wiley is preparing for their early-spring return and fresh opportunity for New Yorkers to roam through their park on beautifully conducted bird-watching tours.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

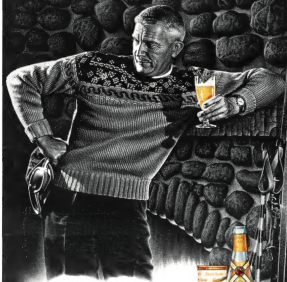


Illustration by JOHN RUSSELL

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New 41-ft. Continental (\$5995) seats 8 for sports and water fun. Engines to 225 hp, speeds to 40 mph. Optional extras: hushies hardtop or convertible top.



New Chris-Craft 25-ft. Cavalier with V8 power. Large cockpit with stern seat, galley, dinette, enclosed lavatory. Fully equipped, only \$4995. New 31-ft. Cavalier V8 Cruiser sleeps an extra two; \$10445, fully equipped. Cavalier prices start at \$1995.



New 31-ft. Constellation (\$16,495)—a six-deeper with flush-deck cockpit, walk-around side decks, full cabin facilities. Engines to 270 hp, speeds to 25 mph.



New 33-ft. Constellation (\$28,495)—classic beauty and the ultimate in modern living afloat. Extended-cruising accommodations for ten include spacious main salon, comfortable owner and guest staterooms. Engines to 690 hp, speeds to 35 mph. See your Chris-Craft dealer, today.

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Chris-Craft

Pompano Beach, Florida



Enjoy round-bilge, lapstrake boating at its best in new Chris-Craft Sea Skiffs! Fast, dry, seaworthy; smooth, soft-cushioned ride! Easy upkeep! Shown: 28-ft. Ranger, 2-deeper (\$5495), 30-ft. Semi-Enclosed Cruiser (\$11,495), and 33-ft. Semi-Enclosed Cruiser (\$15,645). Sea Skiff prices start at just \$9950.

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